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Mom! The Threshers are Coming!

The 1920's

Rebecca Dunham Kartalia

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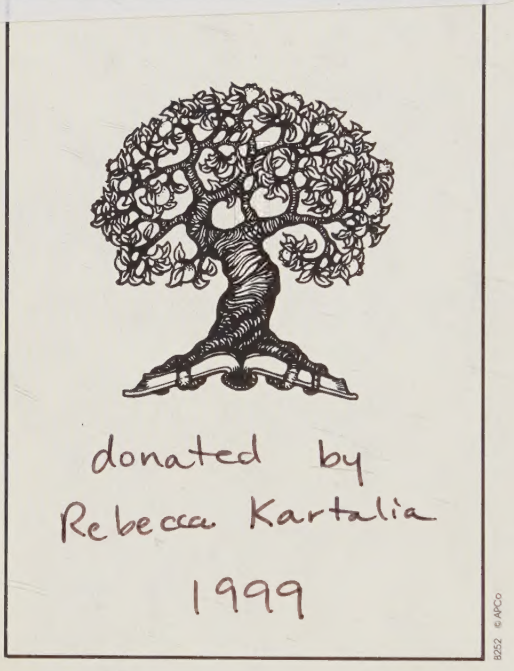

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MOM! THE THRESHERS ARE COMING!

Childhood Memories of Farm Life in the 1920's

Rebecca Dunham Kartalia

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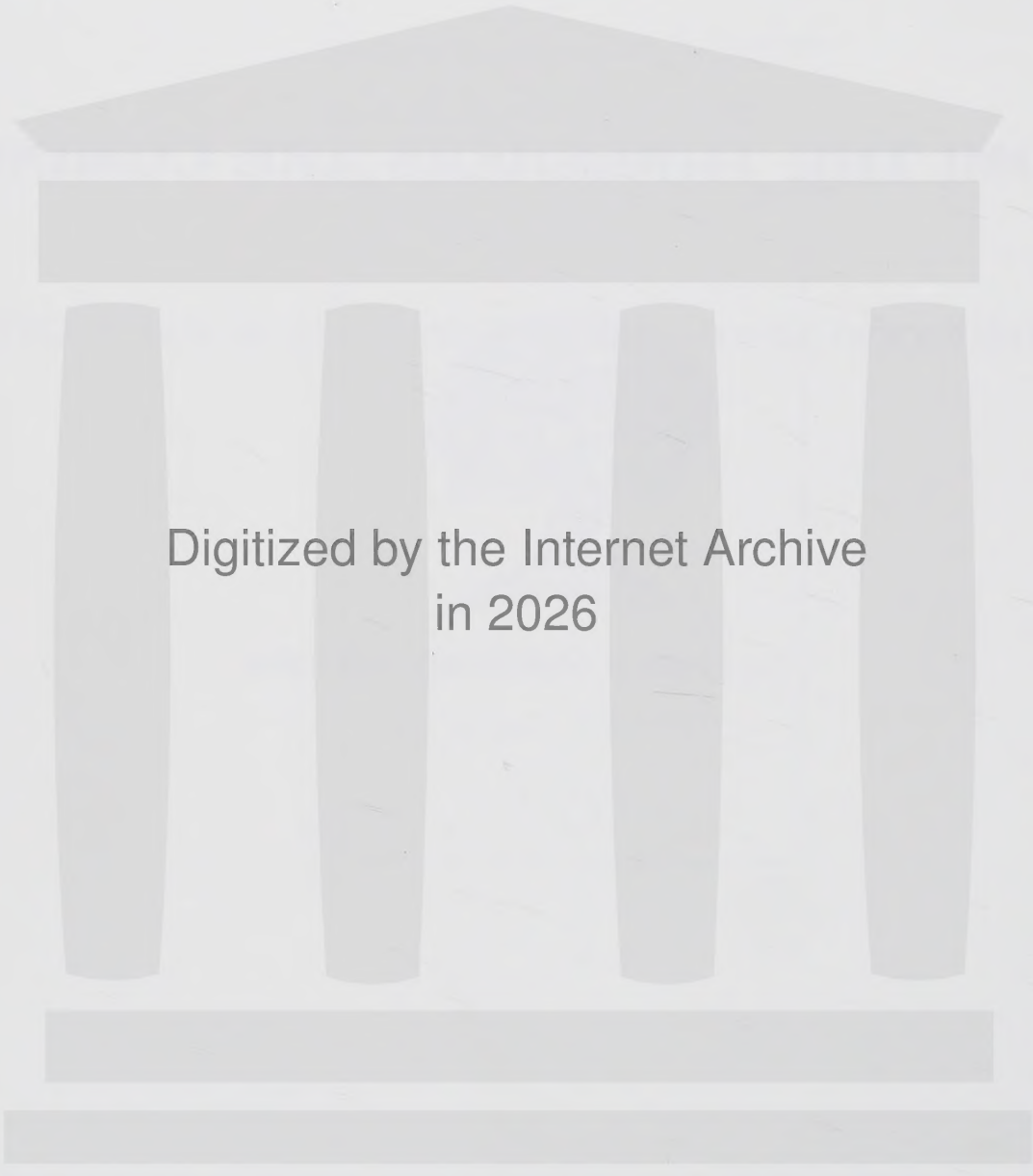
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DEDICATION

I wish to dedicate this book to my sister, Mildred Marie Dunham Sheehan, who not only told me her older enriching (before the 1920s) memories, but verified and explained mine which were those of a young child. Retrieving[1] and discussing these memories has been a shared interest when I have visited Mildred at 10 Wilmington Place, Dayton, OH. I hope it has helped her also-- to ease some of the pain of her physical ninety year old frailities plus give her a new interest to feed her still lively mind.

And Mitch, my husband of close to sixty years, you are always here for me as for all of us. Nothing is ever too much, be it driving distances others consider far, wrapping a package the best way possible or just thinking about any of our problems. Your deep common sense, advice, interest, your ever present "can do" optimism, your cooperation and love of perfection is steady. Best of all, it's been quite a journey with you for nearly sixty years and hardly ever boring.

PREFACE

In the late 1970s, Mitch and I were on a business trip to Japan. We were having a conversation with an associate of Mitch's. He remarked about a discussion he had had, (or more accurately) he had listened to an eighty year old man and our friend had learned how this man had so many interesting things to tell about his long life. We threw the conversational ball back and forth about how his storyteller had lived an active life and no doubt loved to have a listener. We concluded two things:

Yes, everyone that age has a story to tell, Few people ask--- and fewer still listen.

If everyone who has lived about eighty years has a story to tell; why not I? The real impetus for me to write about my first thirteen years and my Ohio origin is of course primarily for our children and their families:

David and Jill: Stephen, David and Natalie, Sarah, Dominique and Clement Pozzo, Anna and Paul Ferguson

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[1]Memories, memories,--their existence is so fascinating. How can one explain them scientifically? Imprints are made from a message sent from our tactile senses- our eyes, our ears, our nose and skin. We receive thousands of these every second, I'm told. We can go into our "vault" and start dusting off those cells. Sometimes they need a trigger, jerk, or poke to retrieve. How often we recall an event, a phrase, a person we had not thought about for decades and being stunned at the recovery may also wonder "Just what is this original substance or imprint?"

Janet and Jim Stewart: John Dunham and Jennifer, David Gathings, Mitchell James, Rebecca (Becca) Elizabeth.

Diane Kartalia and Ted Hoppock: Richard Bodine, Susan Dunham, Julia Kartalia

Jim and Dee: Christopher Neil, Andrea Diane

Mitchell John, With sadness, I am reminded and must include our dear Mitchell who was sweet enough to tell me once that he liked my writing on the subject of our China trip so much he didn't want it to end. We don't forget you, your words of humor and your exuberant loving ways.

I remind you, our children-- it was all of you who gave us that Apple Computer in 1987 for Christmas. I was already deep into Genealogy, making charts the old fashioned way. You had confidence your aging parents could learn. It took a few years (with a big interruption in 1988-89) to learn enough to function, since I didn't even type, let alone use windows, input data, cut and paste, plus the other ways of the word processor. The last I praise to the skies. I love to see a project grow and all the time being improved with no need to writing it over and over and hiring someone to type it again after each editing. Thank you for the gift, the introduction to a new world, but most of all for your believing in me. I am appreciative to Jim and David for their help, when needed, in computer assisstance.

Several grandchildren have asked me about life on the farm and even family genealogical history! I enjoy being able to recall, to inform you and your listening.

This is also written to give this history to the rest of Raymond and Ethel's descendants-- Mildred's family and to "ring some bells" with some old-timers (even if they were not farm children) as well as anyone who has a connection or interest in the Warren Co. OH rural community. My chapter on the 1920 culture is not intended as a definitive summary of the era, but I tried to include events, ways of communications and customs beyond the farm area which affected our lives.

I have experienced: the horse and buggy years along with the 1918 Dodge touring car taking me north to Dayton and south to Cincinnati. In the 1930s it was Dad's Ford coupe with the rumble seat, in which I rode as I marveled at crossing the Ohio River for the first time and seeing the rolling hills and Bluegrass Region of Kentucky; to the jet age and going to China; from shopping at a small town grocery with its' open cracker barrel to now being just two or three miles from four huge supermarkets where all sell exotic and gourmet items; from surviving my life through High School with no electricity to presently enjoying such electrical conveniences as television, computers, air conditioning, dishwashers and even an electric toothbrush! My life has taken me from understanding I couldn't have my desires in the "*Wish Books*"[2] to

[2]The Sears and Montgomery Ward catalogues

being able to enjoy a wonderful family and many material blessings with few unfulfilled desires; from accepting the isolation and loneliness on a farm where almost everyone worked hard all the time to our era of many of us having the leisure and society's approval to have fun and enjoy a smorgasboard of recreational activities.such as golf, tennis, travel, diverse entertainment and on and on.

It was a different way of life that I lived in the 1920s which would be lost to those coming after me if not recorded. A few times, when relevant, I extended the discussion into the 1930s.

An older person doesn't *need* to wait to be asked to write about the differences and the changes, but should pass on the memories and even perhaps, some of their ideas. How I love it when I find any evidences of the existence of my ancestors, and more yet, the pieces of information of what they were really like, their pictures, their own words, or what others said of them.

I wish to tell you the differences in the ways of my life in the 1920s and especially the country origins of the different words, phrases and sayings we still use which I have italicized such as "back burner," "made from scratch" and "wallow." Some others emphasize words and phrases not in common use such as beau, court and "family way." This is the story as I best reconstruct life seventy some years ago about Ethel and Raymond Dunham, their daughters, Mildred and Rebecca living on an Ohio farm in the 1920s. As I recall my early childhood years I am reminded of these first lines of a poem.

"Rock me to Sleep", by Elizabeth Akers Allen

Backward, turn backward, oh Time in your flight
Make me a Child again, just for tonight
Mother, come back from the echoless shore
Take me again to your heart as of yore

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In appreciation:

Aerial photographic view of Dunham Farm taken by Richard Sheehan

The Regina photograph given me by Warren Sheehan

Mildred, 95 yrs.

Three Slagle cousins in 1995
Mildred's 93rd birthday
Ruth Crawford, Rebecca, Mildred

Rebecca ca 1920

Mildred and Rebecca, 1975

THE FARM ON THE RIDGE

Some Family History and the Ridge Neighborhood My parents were Ethel and Raymond Dunham. Their first child was Mildred Marie born 2, June,1902. Thirteen and a half years later I, Rebecca Adelaide[1] was born on !2, January,1916

For the first thirteen years (1916-1929) of my life, I lived on a farm of one hundred sixty fertile acres located back a long, long lane off Ridge Road (or Lebanon Road) and about three and a half miles south of Lebanon, Warren County, Ohio. The area of farms and homes along this road was known as "The Ridge."

Many of the people living on the Ridge were my relatives and most of them on our west side of Ridge Road. This was my father's source. His roots are anchored deep and broad in this Ridge farming community.

It all began in 1804 when Thomas Gibbs (1760-1836) from Burlington Co., NJ bought 320 acres of land from Jonathan Dayton for $1200. My ancestor Edward Dunham[2] (1785-1842) of Harrison Co., VA (now W. VA) arrived sometime before 1808, since that is the date he married the widowed Elizabeth Gibbs Watson, the daughter of Thomas and Mary Gibbs.

We have no details of young Edward Dunham's arrival or where he settled. Some possible scenarios on Edward's arrival and early years in Warren County, Ohio are:

He desired adventure and a better chance than he had in West Virginia, came by horseback or perhaps even walked from there to Ohio before 1808.

He may have come with David Fitz Randolph, his cousin from New Jersey, who is listed in the Warren Co. records of that time.

Or he may have met Gibbs in one of the counties in NJ, near where his Dunham and Parks grandparents lived and then migrated with the Gibbs family.

After his arrival, he either worked for a neighbor or was a hired hand of Thomas Gibbs.

Edward's parents were Archeleus Dunham[3] and Theodocia Parks who were from NJ before W VA. Edward named children Archeleus and Theodocia, so we can assume he was not alienated from his parents. Another son was named John Watson, obviously after Elizabeth's deceased husband. Possibly he was a good friend of Edward? Edward's first recorded purchase of

[1]Dad was disappointed I was a girl, one reason: our line of the Dunham name was running out.

[2]Edward and Elizabeth Dunham are buried (stones there) in Pioneer Cemetery west of Lebanon, Ohio

[3]Dad's doctor in Lebanon was Dr. Archeleus Dunham Harvey, a cousin.

land was 100 acres from his father-in-law Thomas Gibbs in 1833. That land is now a Walmart shopping center.

David Dunham (descendant of John Watson Dunham) lived on this original land, owned in the early 1800s by his ancestors Edward Dunham[4] and Thomas Gibbs. David and Laura Dunham adopted Pearl Gardiner who later married Emmor Bailey. The Baileys continued to live on the Dunham farm.

Thomas Gibbs Dunham (1810-1874.), son of Edward, in 1838 purchased the adjoining farm south of our family's home from David Reynolds. There, my grandfather John Edward Dunham and other children were born. His brother James Franklin Dunham[5] remained on his father's farm, married Elvira Burdsal and they adopted a girl,Myrtle Goodpasture, who married Emmor Beedle and this farm becam known as the Beedle farm . A descendant of Myrtle's, an old schoolmate, is Laurine Cochran of Lebanon, OH. We had a nice telephone conversation recently in which she informed me that the Henkle Real Estate Company owns the land in that area now. She said there was a road, Henkle Drive, between our farms. Before our time, she continued, it was a connecting road to the township road which ran through the David Dunham farm.

John E. Dunham, my grandfather, (1841-1913) m. Letitia Jameson (1844-1918). After his service in the Civil War and his marriage to Letitia, John purchased our farm, adjacent to his father's, from Ephraim Snook and wife. John and Letitia had three sons: Burns Benham, Seldon Gibbs and my father, Raymond Hess. Seldon died tragically in a silo accident.

John's other brother Peter Dunham,[6] a well known Warren Co. entrepreneur (sweet corn drying and canning factory), owned a large farm nearer to Lebanon on Ridge Road and his place later became the Corwin farm.

Dad's maternal family, the Jamesons,[7] were in nearby Greene[8] County also in

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[4]Edward Dunham was descended from Edward Fuller and his son Samuel, Mayflower passengers.. Edward's grandfather was Daniel Dunham, my DAR Patriot ancestor. Edward's wife, Elizabeth Gibbs was descended from the John Tilleys and their daughter Elizabeth who m. John Holland, all three Mayflower passengers. Elizabeth Pearson White a professional genealogist, is compiling the Mayflower descendants of John Holland. She believes my Thomas Gibbs is an illegitimate son of Elizabeth Gibbs, rather than of Francis Gibbs (her brother) as the Warren Co. Gibbs Bible Records give. White states Gibbs is still considered a Mayflower descendant, that only the blood line matters.

[5]At T.G. Dunham's death, his widow Eliza and heirs made an agreement of settlement. One provision was for James to be given a cow, since he had not receved one; his mother to select.

[6]Peter and wife Rebecca Randolph Dunham are pictured in their "horseless carriage" at their home in Morrow, OH in a 1902 Warren Co. Atlas

[7]Letitia Jameson Dunham's great grandfather was George Jameson who fought in General Anthony Wayne's Indian Campaign in the 1790s. George's wife Rebecca nee Rankin (1763- 1842) joined him in 1795 in North Bend, (Cincinnati) coming with their children from Pittsburgh on a flatboat down the Ohio River. One of these children, Letitia's grandfather John Jameson (1784-1820) m. Elizabeth

Ethel (Slagle) and Raymond Dunham

John E. Dunham and Letitia (Jameson) seated

Dunham Home ca 1897/98
Left to right, John E. Dunham, Letitia Dunham, Raymond Dunham

Joseph and Sarah (Adams)Jameson

the early 1800s. Letitia's father Joseph Jameson (1812-1885) was in Warren Co. by the 1830s living with and helping his uncle Samuel Jameson, who had a tavern, "The Indian Queen," on Cincinnati Road. There Joseph met and m Sarah Ann Brown who was also working at the tavern. She had come to Clermont Co. in 1821 by wagon from Clinton Co., NY with her parents Caleb Brown and Mary nee Adams.

About the same time as the Dunhams and Gibbs came to the Ridge (early 1800s) the Benham, McFarland and Eddy[9] families arrived from Washington Co., PA and settled on land near my ancestor Edward Dunham. These families became allied by marriages with the Gibbs and Dunham line.

Mildred and I are the seventh Warren Co., OH generation in our paternal descent from two early settlers. John (1733-1823) and Huldah Eddy. Their daughter Abigail married Daniel McFarland (1764-1821), their daughter, Narcissa married John Benham (1789-1863), whose daughter Eliza Benham (1816-1895) married Thomas Gibbs Dunham (1810-1874). The Jamesons, Benhams, Eddys and McFarlands are recorded as living in Washington Co. PA, many of them on or near the well documented old Ten Mile Creek settlement.

All of my early 1800 Warren County ancestors were following the migration examples of their immigrant ancestors of a hundred or more years earlier. Beers, in his History of Warren Co. states they were plain middle class independent men and women who hated pretense or sham. The Gibbs, Dunham and Benham[10] families for several generations had continually severed their ties and moved, usually westward, since the 1700s. In the first decade of the 1800s these Warren County settlers were among the thousands who had heard of the inexpensive available fertile land with abundance of game in the "Ohio Country." They planned

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McCoy (1781-1841) in 1808. The young widow Elizabeth raised their six children alone, even growing the flax to make their clothes. Her father, Alexander Mc Coy willed her a filly in 1825. Letitia's father Joseph Jameson was Supt. of Warren Co., OH Infirmary 1854-1860. Her brother, Martin Jameson was an attorney and once Treasurer of Warren Co.

[8]Mildred recalls riding in the horse and buggy with grandmother Letitia to the Cedarville area in Greene Co. to visit Jameson/ McCoy relatives.

[9]John Eddy is said to have come to Warren Co. ca 1802, the first land purchase deed in 1809. John's will in 1823 names the children of his deceased daughter, Abigail Eddy McFarland. Narcissa Benham (John's wife) is one of them, thus establishing our Eddy connection.

[10]John Burns Benham came to Warren Co. also in early 1800s (or late 1790s) with his widowed mother Elizabeth Benham (probably nee BURNS) His father, Peter died in 1795 and had asked his brother Capt. Robert (of a famous Indian story in Beers History, p 353, under Distinguished Dead) to buy land and settle Peter's family. Elizabeth d. in Warren Co., 1805. Peter, his father Peter and Robert all were in the Revolutioary War, John in the War 1812. John was active in the "hardshell" Baptist church. His daughter Eliza Dunham gave gold inscribed Bibles to all her children. Her son John Edward Dunham's Bible is now owned by our grandson, John Dunham Stewart.

and made the trek by flatboats on rivers, by oxen or horse- pulled wagons, even across the Allegheny Mts., following the old Indian and cow paths, one of which had become Zane's Trace,[11] to Ohio, the state often called the "Crossroads of America."

Mother's ancestors were also pioneer settlers in Ohio, but in Adams Co., OH, many miles from the Ridge. Her parents John Hyder Slagle[12](1839-1909) and Emma Beach Slagle (1845-1888) came north from Adams County, OH to S. Lebanon in the mid to late 1860s, but before the 1870 census, at which time they and John's mother Catherine Slagle Barrett[13] (ca 1795- 1885) were in the same household. They lived on the Hayner[14] farm, Stubbtown Road. We do not know exactly when or why they came to S. Lebanon. John was a blacksmith, wheelwright and a peddler (1880 census). Emma Slagle died in 1888, leaving nine children. Aunt Mollie was in Waynesville Teaching School, so it was left to Aunt Adelaide to assume the care of the home for her father and Slagle siblings: Grant (but named Ullysses S. Grant), William, Archibald, John Hyder Jr., Emma, my eleven year old mother Ethel (1877-1929), and the youngest Alfred, age 5.

In recent years Harriett Miller[15] nee Snook,[16] ninety some years old, wrote in a beautiful hand that she knew my parents when she was a little girl-- that she recalled when my Uncle Seldon fell and died while working in a silo on the Ridge. She wrote that Dad courted Mom, then Ethel Ellen Slagle, at Harriet's home when Mom was working there. I had known only that Dad had brought attractive Ethel Slagle to this farm as his bride in 1900, so I was thrilled to hear this first hand account of the circumstance of their courtship.

Back to the Ridge and our neighbors. A maternal (Jameson) cousin of Dad's, Harry Lollar owned a large tract of land further south. Laurine Cochran said a Japanese elevator company was locating there. My mother's sister Adelaide (I'm her namesake) and her husband Tom Scott[17] were neighbors across the road from the Lollars. Names of neighbors on the

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[11]Congress authorized it in 1796 to be cut/ blazed between Zanesville, OH and Limestone (Maysville now), KY

[12]Mildred gave me his 1909 obituary, taken from a black oval *Shaker* box. The name in the lid "Sarah Ann Jameson,"-(Letitia's mother, not a Shaker). The Shakers organized Union Village in 1805. Beers History of Warren Co, OH " the oldest and largest *Shaker*settlement west of the Alleghenies at one time." My great-niece Karen Sheehan Barbara owns the box today.

[13]Catherine and John Slagle (1790- 1840) son of Jacob and Hannah Burrell, from Hampshire Co., Va (now WVA) were in Adams Co., OH ca 1830. I have a daguereotype of Catherine ca 1870s.

[14]Monty Hayner and Peter Dunham were allied in the commercial drying and canning of sweet corn. Abraham Hayner named in Emma's grandfather's (Wm. Wikoff) estate sale, Adams Co., OH

[15]She was daughter of Grant Snook and an aunt of my Lollar cousins.

[16]The Snooks: Ephraim Snook once owned our farm. His wife was Rebecca Benham, dau, of James Benham, John's brother; Mother worked at a Snook home; Later, my friend, Mary Fox's mother and my second mother (after Aunt Adelaide), was Reba Snook Fox.

Emma Slagle (Beach)

John Hyder Slagle

Catherine Hyder Slagle Barrett

Slagle sisters in Dunham yard.
Back from left Ethel and Emma
Front from left Mollie and Adelaide

Tom and Adelaide Scott Home **Built 1820s**

Their smoke house and wood shed nearby.

Ridge in the 1920s other than relatives were Snook, Shockey, Couden, Knapp, Totten, Foley, Revenaugh, Veach, Corwin, Bailey, Beedle and Schultz.

A Walk Around the Farm: Lay of the Land Our farm home was at the center of our land, so naturally we had a long lane, which was often a source of complaints to Dad from friends and relatives. There was mud in the rainy season which caused the cars, then called *machines,* to struggle and splash through the mire. In between the rains driving over the the ruts (and in a dry season the dust) *was* uncomfortable. Mom's brother in-law John Collett who drove a nice new Oldsmobile, complained the most. The families who had kept their buggies sometimes came in them to save their car. However, Dad's Dodge touring car[18] with the wonderful new *self starter,* came and went with some problems, for many years. This was during the 1920s when even our Ridge Road was a gravel road.

Another aspect of the long lane was the isolation of our life. This perhaps encouraged mother to become more of a homebody than she innately was. It caused some loneliness and no doubt molded the personalities, expressed in different ways, by their daughters, born fourteen years apart.

My father Raymond Dunham inherited one half of his father's farm. Mildred says that the place always had a $5000 mortgage on it and Dad was never able to be free of debt. Dad's father, John Dunham[19] would go to Cincinnati on the traction car and "play the Commodities," (or whatever name it went by) but apparently unsuccessfully. Later, my father only received 1/3 share of the income from his labors, the rest went to his widowed mother Letitia, who actually owned and maintained the farm. After her death in 1918, Dad had to buy his brother Burns' share, plus he was encumbered by this mortgage. The times became more difficult in the late 1920s when he had the expenses of my mother's terminal illness and no health insurance.

Our land was rolling and nicely drained with a large creek in a field to the north. This creek was always rather enchanting to explore, sometimes with mother after school. Our typical little adventure would begin by her meeting me someplace on our lane. We'd stop to pick up the fallen nuts from under the row of five or six hickory nut trees and leave them at our doorstep. A

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[17] Later, when Adelaide was a widow, their farm was acquired by the state for Route #75.

[18] A 1914 model, originally purchased by Dad in 1918, this car had removable isinglass curtains, gave protection from the rains etc. in winter months. There was no heater, windshield wipers, air conditioning or radio. The *self starter* identified this car / machine as more desirable than the Model T Ford. Webster gives this *self starter* definition:: 1. "a device that starts an internal combustion engine without cranking by hand." The cranking sometimes gave the operator surprising jolts. Today we speak of people being *self starters* defined by Webster as a "person who begins work or a project without needing to be told or encouraged to do so.

[19] John was a Civil War veteran and a prisoner at Harper's Ferry. Mildred remembers his playing Parcheesi with her for hours and his habit of standing in the barnyard getting wet during storms to watch the buildings in case of lightning.

good hickory nut cake would appear one day.

Mother, who loved the fall season, would sometimes suggest "Let's follow the creek," which was a walk to the end of our farm. This was a treat, because I was not permitted to explore the farm alone since there was always a bull in the pasture field and my parents feared he might break through a fence and charge a small child. We walked in the bed of the creek, noticed and remarked on the various rocks, insects and different plants. The creek ravine seemed a "canyon" to me, being used to looking at the rather flat farm fields. Mother more than once made remarks such as "See those pretty streaks of purple and red and yes some yellow on that soil and those rocks?" She became convinced there was oil on our farm. Her brother-in- law John Collett sent an expert to examine this phenomena. We didn't strike it rich.

There were two wooded areas. To the west, beyond the hay field and a cow pasture was a woods of predominately ash trees. There, around the composted, decaying trees sprang the wonderful sponge mushrooms known as morels. We would gather them by the dishpanful, confident of their safety, as well as the utter goodness when sauteed in butter. The woods to the east and visible from both Ridge Road and our front window was termed a *thicket.*[20] Dad would usually cut and bring in a small Christmas tree[21] from there. I was encouraged once by a visiting girl friend to go over into the thicket woods and explore. She excitedly found a clump of anise and had me taste the dark stem part. I savored the sweet licorice flavor and always remembered it, but doubt if I returned; it was out of bounds. There were a lot of redbud trees, whose pretty lavender pink bloom or buds announced the approach of Spring. We enjoyed them as we looked from the front windows or went out to the road. The teachers seemed thrilled to be given a few branches to brighten the school room.

South of the house lay the huge garden, probably about two acres. Farmers aimed to grow as much of their food as possible and to buy as little as possible at the grocery. Aunt Mollie, of the city, was prone to say "We have to buy <u>everything</u> we eat." This was intended either to make us feel rich or extract sympathy for her. The family referred to it as *poor mouthing,* being fully aware that she collected rents from about twenty pieces of property.

Beyond the garden, there was a large blackberry and raspberry patch and further south, a nice orchard of apple, sickle pears, plum and even a couple of the not too common quince (bore tart fruit, uniquely flavorful) trees. Elderberry bushes which bore clusters of berries that were delicious in pies, grew wild along the fence row. Speaking of berries, back in that garden we had a large clump of rhubarb and several gooseberry bushes, the fruit of both these mouth-puckering fruits made edible only by mixing large amounts of sugar in pies and cobblers.

Along these vegetable and fruit areas, parallel to a large farming field was the fence and a grass corridor.[22]We liked this grassy path, for it was such a contrast to the weeds which

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[20] *Thicket* " a dense growth of shrubs and small trees"--Webster

[21] Mildred tells me that one year Dad was not agreeable, for some reason, to get a tree. Mother found a large drying sunflower in the garden, took it in the house and decorated it.

proliferated in other uncultivated places. This was our way to the berry patch and orchard. Wild roses in rampant growth tumbled along the fence I have this memory of them in season with their overwhelming lushness and the scents of bloom and greenness, enhanced by the dews and humidity in southern Ohio. There, within the rose briar shrubbery, the quails nested.

My father had a shotgun, but I never saw him use it. He did permit some friends and relatives to hunt rabbits and squirrels after he reminded them " Don't shoot any quail." If the hunters were successful, they usually left a "thank you" dividend at our door and our supper was assured.

The Barnyard The principal barnyard buildings were a large barn with attached silo, a milk house, a stable, and a chicken house.

The barn was built on a rise and had two levels. In the upper level were the haymows; in the lower, pasture level the milking stalls for about eight guernsey cows. My favorites were Daisy, Brindle and Bessie. Farm equipment was kept inside as space permitted, but normally some implements were in the barnyard fully exposed to the elements, which hastened the unsightly and damaging rusting process.

Mildred told me : "There was a law enacted which required all farmers who sold whole milk to have a milk house and to be able to cool it with cool water in a trough. The milkhouse was built and I had to pump water into this cooler." I can't remember the milk house, but readily understand why Mildred does.

Across from the barn was the stable where four horses were cared for: Dolly and Ginger, the dappled iron gray work horse team, the white Babe; and a roan, Topsy. Inside the stalls were semi-partitioned from a tool shop. I remember the work table with a vise attached, the saddles, reins etc. hanging on the wall. I'd go there to chat with Dad, to see what was happening and pet the horses' faces peering across the opening.

From this rise near the stable and looking to the west was a wonderful view. On a clear day one could see the Church steeple in the town of Monroe, many miles away. Mildred spoke of this view in conjunction with Dr. Curry coming to the house when she, Mother and I had the Asian flu in the year of the "great" flu epidemic, 1918. Dad, who had escaped the disease, usually walked outside to see the doctor off on his way to see more flu victims. Dad one day returned back to care for his own sick family and reported, "Dr. Curry always wants to go look at that nice view before going to his horse and buggy."

On the east side of the barnyard on the way to the chicken house and near the lane entrance there was a grove of locust trees that had clusters of drooping white blooms in early summer. Their heavy sweet fragrance pleased us as we went out the door into the barn yard.

In the chicken house I liked to *gather* the eggs each day and relate the progress of any *sitting hens*[23] and their *hatching.* chickens. In the barnyard one might have seen some

[22]This must have been the old township connecting road.

[23]In the spring, when a mother hen wanted babies, she laid eggs day after day, usually about 12 and

The new Dodge ca 1919
In front Mildred and friend,
back seat, Rebecca

Tom Scott, Ethel, Mildred
Chicken house in background

Mildred and Rebecc

Rebecca

MILDRED horse stall building and main barn
The great view west from this location

roaming chickens who had strayed from the enclosed yard of the chicken *coops* [24] and hen house; an aggressive rooster speaking of whom I can attest, was prone to attack a little child, and Dan, an Airedale dog that we loved. Sometimes the cats mingled after coming from their haymow home. They weren't favorite family pets, especially to Mother, who had heard and believed some tales of cats being unfriendly to babies in their buggies. However, they were admired by all of us when they had kittens, especially when the mothers carried them by gently clasping the scruff of their necks in her mouth. The cats were most popular for their mousing skills.

In the barnyard one could see: a farm scale platform, corn crib, grindstone, troughs for feeding horses, and over the fence, a pond called a wallow filled with *wallowing* [25] hogs.

The Dooryard There was a wire fence enclosing a nice periphery of shrubs, flowers and the house. One entered this area through an attractive wire gate. There were twin bushes, which mom called clove bushes at each side of the gate. Their delicate pale yellow spring bloom was not spectacular, but the spicy fragrance made one very aware of them. I haven't seen these bushes elsewhere. The History of Warren County by Beers mentioned them in describing the indigenous plants the pioneers had found.

Mother probably bought most of the plants with her egg money from a peddler. This floral scene was her doing, not Dad's mother Letitia's. There is a story on this and again my source is Mildred. It seems that Dad wore or carried a boutonniere of sprigs of flowers when he went courting Mother on the Sunday nights (that's usually when people courted) and gave them to her. She didn't see his home for several months, but she envisioned how lovely his mother's yard must be. Imagine her surprise and disappointment when she visited and there were no

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kept sitting on her nest, or sometimes just sit and we would give her eggs to hatch,-hence the term *sitting hen.* Becaus chickens hatched in the spring, an older woman has often uncomplimentarily referred to as "no spring chicken." Often an unconforming hen would "steal a nest," and hatch her little chicks in the barn. The chicks hatched in 21 days of the mother hen sitting and keeping the eggs warm. Some farmers had incubators to get their chickens and thus kept the hens laying those 21 days. They could order chickens by mail, too. We often say *"Don't count your chickens before they're hatched,"* because all the eggs didn't *hatch.* We today speak of "*hatching* a scheme." Another phrase is "mad as a wet hen." I am told that comes from the farmer's desire to interrupt a futile (or perhaps on an eggless nest) sitting cycle and the caretaker would dunk the hen in water. The hen would jump and fly around very upset. Another chicken phrase: "She or he moved about like a chicken with its head cut off"-- as the slaughtered chicen usually did. Chickens go to their perch or roost in the early evening and oldtimers folks spoke and some still speak of " "going to bed with the chickens."

[24]:*Coop* #1.Enclosure for small fowls or animals bars or wires on one side. #4. " to fly the coop" meaning to escape as from a prison--Webster

[25]*Wallow* #1. To roll about or *wallow* in water. #2. To live self indulgently, luxuriate, revel "to *wallow*in luxury, to *wallow*in sentimentality"--Webster.

flowers! Dad had simply taken a few from the church bouquet as he left after the Sunday service!

Mother's hobby was caring for her flowers---when she could find the time. She worked hard, planting, dividing and moving them as needed for better growth. In her garden she had old fashioned heavenly fragrant cabbage roses which only bloomed in late May and a few newly popular tearoses also called monthly roses. "They're going to bloom every month," she exulted. There was spirea, bridle wreath, japanese firebush, the cheerful tall multi colored hollyhocks, double easter lilies, tiger lillies, phlox, peonies, syringa (or mock orange), irises, lilacs and a smoke bush that frustrated her. "It doesn't ever smoke as it should," she would lament.

There was a stone walk of sorts, to the family door. Grass, and even the weeds didn't grow much, because this area was shaded by a huge maple tree. No one was concerned about lawns in our family, although the women did grouse about the tall weeds and ugly burdock[26] clumps in the barnyard. Adorning the eastern front of the house facing the long lane, were two tall cedar trees with spreading umbrella like [27] tops. To me, they looked impressive and became a symbol of our home. The south door yard had the clothes lines and the path going past the woodshed /smokehouse to the outhouse,[28]often called *privy,* and beyond, a couple acres of a vegetable garden.

The Old Dunham House, a Walk Through This fairly large white frame green shuttered farmhouse was witness to many vital happenings in the Dunham family. My father, his three brothers, sister Mildred and I were all born there. Mildred and Walter Sheehan were married in it. Both my grandparents and his brother Burns died in this house. I remember my grandmother Letitia in a white bed in what was our living room. A widow, she had moved to Lebanon when mother was pregnant with me, but was back in our home in her final illness. I also recall the traditional purple and black *crape*[29] placed on our entrance door. My family initially doubted that I truly recalled this event, since I was only two and a half at the time.[30]

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[26]We would try to dig them out (they go to China, we'd say), put salt in the hole.

[27]In Michelin's Provence, a picture of a tree called Umbrella Pine that looks like ours did. We saw one in Lavalette, France too.

[28]Where the Sears and Mongomery Ward catalogues or Wish Books had an afterlife after one (me) finished wishing for miniature doll furniture (even a tiny modern toilet), new shoes, an Easter dress and hat and finally became toilet paper. This"custom" prevailed until the catalogue pages were changed to a more glossy character and toilet tissue finally appeared in stores, but often not in plain view. The women often poured their clothes wash water down the toilet holes to subdue the odor. Some kept a bag of lime nearby and put that in every week or so.

[29]A *crape:* purple dried flowers and ribbons was placed on the outside door of a home where death had occurred.

I maintained though, that I remembered that white bed, which no one had told me about, and finally they stopped arguing and admitted that I had made my case. In contrast I had not remembered that Uncle Burns had died at our home in 1926 until Cousin Bob Slagle mentioned that fact much more recently. Uncle Burns was living in our home at the time, Bob said. I do remember Uncle Burns and his paralysis,[31] but not his death. I am now sad for my father as I have the realization of his having to care for his wife and brother at the same time.

Mother came there as a young bride and lived the first thirteen years of her married life with her in-laws, whose bedroom was the same room where Letitia died. Naturally, Mother and Letitia[32] sometimes differed and there would ensue a stony silence between them, except--as Mildred recalls--for the non musical whistling of Letitia, as she bustled about.

Walking to the house from the gate, a person would see a two level porch. The first porch had two pumps. One was a regular well and the other a *cistern* which collected rain or soft water piped from the roof. There's nothing as good for washing clothes or one's hair as pure rain water. The hair really shines. This is where the washing machine, operated by mother's swinging arm was kept in nice weather. The next level was a nice roofed, porch, with some rocking chairs, an ice box, and three doorways into the house.

In the hot summer evenings after the supper dishes were done, the family might go to sit on the porch. They would chat about the weather, the next day's work, catch a few breezes and watch the lightning or June bugs (also called glow worm) blink their yellow lights as they flitted hither and yon. It seems to me that these attractive fireflies are rarer now.

Pantry. From the porch, looking left to right were doors to the parlor, living - dining room, and then a pantry. I remember that when you entered the pantry from the porch you would see green painted walls, cupboards to the ceiling on one wall, a cream *separator,*[33] a wash bench with a wash basin, a bucket of clean water, soap and towels and a bucket in which to pour the used water. There you might also see hot and tired men, (Dad always had one or two hired *hands)* [34] in from the fields for their big noontime meal, eagerly taking a refreshing wash, and thinking of Mother's good food. There was a north door connected to the woodshed by sloping planks(which perhaps was a long temporary set-up) to the adjacent woodshed where the smoked hams, shoulders and bacon were accessible.

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[30] I also remember another 1918 incident, One day Dad walked into the house and announced to mother" Ruby's had a girl." This referred to the birth of Katherine Lollar, now Rowland with whom I correspond on our common Jameson ancestry.

[31] Also then referred to as apoplexy.

[32] Letitia was known for being prompt to attend the dying and wash them after death, a custom of the time.

[33] The operator poured the milk into this machine, operated by centrifugal force and it separated the cream. The farmer sold the cream and could use the skim milk to feed the animals, usually the hogs.

[34] Common terminology for farm workers.

Also, in the pantry was a trap door down to the cellar, where mother kept on a long and often sagging shelf, her labors of love, her *"putting up"* produce, jars of fruits, preserves, applesauce, tomatoes, jellies and even sausages made during the January butchering of the hog. Here, also the root vegetables from the garden were stored. The cool floor was used to store covered food that needed to be kept cool. Jello, still a fairly new fascinating product to housewives (the men weren't so sure) presented a challenge to cool it enough to at least wobble. The icebox on the porch was not purchased untill later during mother's illness.

I said the "cool" cellar? Well, it was less warm than the kitchen in the summer, where *"three square meals"* [35]were cooked on a coal Majestic range that radiated enough heat and moisture to sometimes curl mother's auburn hair about her face.

In a corner of the pantry was a cabinet called a pie cupboard or chest, just for pies and were aerated with small decorative openings. It nevertheless kept the pies fairly free from mice and flies. Pies were pretty much an ordinary item in the diet, but as I remember, there seldom was a surplus to store.

Kitchen, The Old Majestic wood and coal cook stove dominated the room. It had four burners, a reservoir to keep the cistern water warm, two warming ovens in addition to the regular oven. A fairly large eating table was pushed in a corner. Sitting at the table one could see on the wall the huge Lebanon Bank calendar with the numerals so large one could read them from the next room.

At the end of the kitchen facing south, was the dishwashing table holding the dishpans to wash and rinse the dishes. Opposite the stove was a kitchen cabinet, a rather new and practical addition which embodied convenience with its' drawers, flour and sugar bins, plus a small working surface.

Among my memories of this room are food cooked on the Majestic, such as the oven crisped toast, delicious baked potatoes, and the good feelings or aura at the table during the large noon meal. The hired hands[36] ate here and occasionally a salesman, for example, the Watkins[37] man, might be invited to join us for the main meal A guest usually enlivened the conversation.

I have vivid recall of being ill a lot in this room. Mother would place three chairs, make a "bed" of about three chair seats and have me stretch out. I loved her nearness and attention. Sometimes, since it was usually winter when I was sick,[38] I'd make designs and

[35]Then they bragged: the women about preparing them and the men about being presented with three square meals each day.

[36]One memory of the men as I sat at that table-- their weathered red rough necks, the deep wrinkles in my Dad's at forty something and the younger men's necks already showing hints of their exposure to sun and wind. Of course I did not analyze all this at the time.

[37]Watkins products, such as good vanilla and cinnamon.

pictures with my fingers, changing Jack Frost's handiwork on the windows beside me.

Dining room Between the kitchen and living room was a dining room. On the wall nearest the kitchen was the 1920s telephone. Mildred calls this the living room, because Letitia and John Dunham had what I call the living room as their bedroom. Mildred, being older, has different memories. In this middle room was a door to the porch, a door to the kitchen, the stairway and a large opening to the living room with a huge register on the floor between the rooms. This register radiated very hot air from the recently installed furnace under the room in a new cellar specially excavated for the new advanced heating. Here in cold weather, standing on this hot register, I'd dress each morning and receive instructions about wearing enough clothes, when the thermometer or the Almanac told Mother to take precautions. In the ceilings of these downstairs rooms were small registers intended to heat the upstairs, but they barely took the chill off the bedrooms. Mother and perhaps like most farm women, heated stone *bed warmers* in the oven, covered them with flannel and placed in our beds before bedtime. Wonderful ! !

There was a dining table,[39] which was expanded by eight leaves once a year for the threshers. I remember another time it was opened in the dining room on one Thanksgiving. Mother's Dayton relatives were all there, includung that smiling large eyed extroverted cousin Estella Werkmeister with her flowing latest style, *"rag of mutton"* sleeves. There was some smacking of the lips over Mom's escalloped oysters. The smell and taste of the aromatic crunchy celery was exciting, as it was not a daily item on the table. Because this room was warmer than the kitchen in the winter, we ate our light Sunday suppers here. One meal often served was mush[40] and milk, made with cornmeal and eaten similarly as oatmeal.

In this room also was a massive *sideboard*, a cousin serving the same function as what we call a buffet. A china glass cabinet held the many fine pieces of 1890 Limoges handpainted china (pink moss roses and little blueberries china, gold trimmed), a beautiful Japanese cocoa set with burgundy and green colored designs, green and rose salad plates and other cherished china Mother had inherited from Dad's relatives. As she washed them, I would ooh and aah. Once she said since I liked them so much I should inherit them. I have a couple covered soup tureens,

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[38] On one report card (not the Diphtheria illness) I was marked "absent" the whole six weeks. Mildred's health history superior--in seven years, she never missed a day of school, then she got the measles and was sent to Aunt Adelaide's so Mother (who hadn't had them) wouldn't catch them. When I got the measles Mother insisted on being around me, even though Mildred was available. Mother "caught" the measles and failed in health from that time.

[39] This table used by Mildred for many years is now in the home of her granddaughter Sandy Sheehan Howard in Grand Rapids MI. The Howard children dine at the same table used by their Ohio ancestors and 3rd great grandparents--Letitia and John Dunham, used for six generations!

[40] Mush: Webster# 1. U.S. meal, especially cornmeal boiled in water or milk until it forms a soft mass or stiff enough to form into a mold or loaf for slicing and frying. #3 Anything unpleasantly lacking in firmness, force, dignity, etc.

the lovely gravy bowls and more.

A steep stairway curved down to its end in this dining room and curved at the bottom into the dining room. I had many a fall coming down, either from rushing or being a klutz.

Living room In the living room I remember a bookcase and several rocking chairs, the white fireplace, mantel, and the *player piano.* This is how it was before I was nine years old. After that it became Mother's sick room. The rug on the floor was a woven one made from the rags saved and sent to the company--(Olsen?) These rugs, of a different appearance from the braided country rag rugs we see today were considered rather fine. The window facing the long lane and the road played a role in our life. We would look out this window to see the approach of visitors and, once a year, the momentous appearance of the annual theshing machine as it lumbered, groaned and spewed smoke each inch of the way. When Mildred's boy friends, then called *beaus,*[41] came *courting* (not dating) on Sunday evenings, there would be the two small yellow "eyes" entering the end of the lane and gradually the eyes became brighter and larger until the "machine" arrived in our barnyard.

In this living room, Mildred married[42]Walter in November 20, 1924. It was a lovely pink and white wedding by the white mantel. The guests were seated in the adjacent parlor. Some of the unfortunate ones sat on and quietly endured the black prickly *horsehair*[43] furniture. Letitia had lain in her white bed in this room and Mother in her fracture bed for part of her terminal illness. Mother's bed was placed so she could see the long lane, any coming and going, including mine as I walked and often skipped, to and from School.

In the living room, the focus of attention was the player piano that Dad purchased one year with the wheat income. I was in love with it and sat on the floor to push the pedals with my hands until I grew enough to pump the foot pedals normally. The rolls of music I remember: Jada, Smiles, Pretty Baby Beautiful Ohio, Let the Rest of The World Go By, Red Red Robin, Last Night on the Back Porch -- "I Loved her best of all", I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles, Yes we have no Bananas. There were four popular World War I songs. Over There, How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning, It's a Long, Long Way to Tipperary and How You Going to Keep Them Down on the Farm, --"after they've seen Paree!."

This infatuation with the player piano influenced me to ask for piano lessons. Each week Dad drove me into Lebanon, where the widow of Dr. Hough endeavored to teach me etudes and scales for seventy five cents a lesson. She turned a deaf ear to my pleas for a popular ditty or "fun" piece and occasionally rapped a ruler on my disobedient fingers when they didn't lift properly. I wonder how I got through those recitals---or perhaps more to the point, how the

[41]Mildred says her first date was in a buggy.

[42]An unpleasant memory is that I, the flower girl, in my new snow white stockings went outside, ran around the house, fell down in one of November's mud puddles, soiled the stockings and none were in reserve.

[43]Webster #2. A sturdy glossy fabric woven of he hair of a horse, usually the mane or the tail.

guests did. In those days just about every girl and many boys wanted to play the piano. Remember, you old timers, the ad for a correspondence course "They laughed when I sat down at the piano"? Later, in Kings Mills, I took piano lessons from Charles Stephenson, who instructed me on octave chords and syncopation arrangements. Although I played around with some popular songs and favorite church hymns, little of my brief erratic musical training "took." Nevertheless, I have been thankful for both these experiences, which gave me an appreciation for the art of pianists. I learned some musical terminology and made an acquaintance with notes and the beats.

Parlor Last on the first floor was the parlor. It was a nice large room, with silk rose flowered drapes and the aforementioned black *horsehair* furniture. There was a door to the porch and a front one to the east. Mother was moved to this room when we divided our downstairs with the Marlatts. From the east door, a wood platform was then built.so her bed could be wheeled out for air and sunshine (to help her bones) on nice days. There was a small mahogany marble topped table which always had a *stereoscope* and an oval black Shaker box in which Dad kept obituaries.

In the east corner was the tall, beautiful cherrywood *Regina*, a music box made in the 1890s. Mildred inherited this treasure from our prosperous great uncle Peter Dunham. Not too many Reginas were manufactured and they have become a precious antique. This heirloom, still in excellent shape, now adorns the home of Mildred's son Warren Sheehan. Warren's mechanically talented father, Walter Sheehan, was quite fascinated by this instrument and always kept it in running condition.

There were at least twelve huge round tire-sized discs of Civil War and 1890 era songs. One could crank it and play all, or "dial" individual ones, each one individually rising, playing, and returning to its slot in the mechanism as another was being readied to perform. Some titles were: Dixie, Marching Through Georgia, Morning Papers, Never My God to Thee, Carry me Back to Old Virginny, Swanee River, and My Old Kentucky Home. The Regina creates a tinkling sweet music. Smaller Reginas are sometimes seen, but the larger ones are highly desired by collectors, such as the Henry Ford Museum in Detroit. Mildred, in some chagrin, told me she once wrote the Wurlitzer Company, a distributor of the Regina, and asked if they'd exchange her Regina for one of their new popular Victrolas. She never heard from Wurlitzer and has surmised that Dad may have intercepted her letter.

In this same room, I was ill with diphtheria[44] in 1921. Mom and Dad slept nearby, fearful lest the gray membrane in the throat would close the air passage. I did recover, because I was given the effective and newly available serum toxin-antitoxin. Dr. Ed Blair would not prescribe a needed laxative, because he was afraid it could endanger my heart beyond what

[44]Mystery where I contracted it. We heard of no one in our neighborhood or Lebanon having it. The son of the Hastings family where Mildred boarded the year before had had this disease. There was a theory since I had my nose in her books, she had brought from there,-- that that's how I contracted it.

The heirloom Regina

Some fine china, Prussian, Limoge and Japaneese

Limoge gravy boats and sugar bowl

diphtheria itself threatened to the heart. After two weeks, he[45] gave me an oil retention enema, inserting yards of small tubing. After a few hours, the subsequent action or "successful" results were almost as painful as childbirth.

Upstairs. After going up those steep stairs (from the dining room and mentioned before), there were four bedrooms. To the left were the bedrooms used by Mildred and me. They were comfortable, wallpapered in a floral design and carpeted. In Mildred's room was one of the marble topped mahogany tables we had in our home. On this stand was a pretty flowered toilet bowl set with a porcelain washbowl, a pitcher, soap dish and a receptacle to keep the fallen hair.[46] In many months this room was too cool to do one's bath so usually the kitchen, warmed by the old Majestic was the setting for the Saturday night bath ritual. Once, someone opened a drawer in this room, and I saw for the first time, a nest of pink tiny baby mice. I was surprised at how they looked and marveled at their pinkness and wondered where they had gotten the paper to make the nest.

To the right of the steps on the second floor were two more adjoining rooms. Mother and Dad had the first, which seems quite plain, in retrospect- not as pretty as ours. I always admired Mother's pretty doll with a bisque china face of 1890 vintage who sat in a child's chair in this room, but never played with her. I "see" a tall chest against the south wall. Once I opened one of the drawers on top and found some rouge. Mother must have been nearby, because she quickly took it and returned it to its place. I realized I had seen something verboten. She had always cautioned me not to be vain, so I thought she probably felt the presence of the rouge proved her as vain. Actually, Ethel Slagle Dunham did like to look nice. The *rats* in her hair that created a bouffant style, wearing the carefully laundered and ironed white blouses or dresses, her slender figure and ready smiles, were all things that most people found attractive.

The next bedroom had a painting above the white bed, which had been Letitia's white death bed. That painting of a stern gray haired man frightened me. Now, after seeing photos of John Dunham, I am sure it was he and since he appears nice looking, it must not have been a good painting. This room also housed the Dunham "library," consisting of a bookcase with titles as The Wicked City (about Chicago), Ben Hur, and Barriers Burned Away. I frequently sat on the floor near the bookcase and exlored its contents, but few were appropriate for my age. The best was a hard bound volume of Mutt and Jeff cartoons. This was a hit, a favorite for Mildred and I to show to and impress our friends. I understand that there was a succession of hired hands (Mildred remembers their names) who slept in this room. She told me that the hands slept on a straw tick, whereas the family had feather beds.[47]

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[45] Yes, the doctors made housecalls then.

[46] An item called a rat was made from this hair which was placed in a net, closed and the lady would insert a few in the hair to give a full bouffant effect to those who wern't blessed with luxuriant tresses. There was also an art form of making decorative *hair wreaths* from the hair combings.

[47] Featherbed: A quilt or a sack stuffed with feathers and used as a mattress. Straw tick, the same article, but stuffed with straw.

This has been a mini tour of the house Mother loved. She was proud of those rooms, the newly wallpapered walls, the furniture and the china, which she occasionally used. She had her own standards of housekkeeping, not yours or mine, nor her neighbors. Once, I recall her saying how all the green blinds in the house must be at the same level. Anything else denoted a poor housekeeper.

We *were* poor, and yet as I write this, it doesn't seem that way. We were comfortable for a farm family of the !920s despite the fact that we didn't have electricity, plumbing, or even an inside pump. We were surrounded by some lovely things inside the house and the great beautiful outdoors beyond. Financially, we were on the edge, as they say. Mildred tells me she paid for her wedding from her teacher's pay because she believed Dad could not afford this event although she was not planning an elaborate one, but a home wedding for about fifty guests. One day I asked Mother why we hadn't attended a Slagle Reunion and her answer was she couldn't buy me new shoes. This, of course, not only indicated the lack of money but her pride that I wouldn't be dressed well, especially in front of her "better off" Dayton relatives.

The next chapters will give more details and memories of what life was like in my first twelve years[48] in Warren Co., Ohio, on the Ridge, on this farm, in this house, plus a peek into the world beyond[49] during the years 1920 to 1929.

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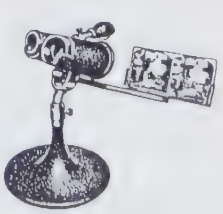
[48]You might say it was my first nine or ten years, because Mother then became bedfast and almost everything changed.

[49]It is with pride that I believe our relatives and neighbors were intelligent citizens with their "antennae" extended and working, on life beyond their nice farms, pleasant Warren County and Beautiful Ohio.

Photographed on a visit to the old Dunham home
ca 1970s

ster·e·o·scope (ster′i ə skōp, stir′-), *n.* an optical instrument with two eyeglasses, used for obtaining a single image from two pictures (usually photographs) of an object or scene, taken from slightly different points of view (corresponding to the positions of the two eyes). The object or scene thus viewed appears to have three dimensions, as it would if really seen



Stereoscope

WOMAN'S WORK IS NEVER DONE

According to an old adage *" Man works from sun to sun; woman 's work is never done"* Because I was usually tagging along with Mother and watched her do all the duties encompassed in Woman's Work, my memory is the most etched on her role. And perhaps most vividly, I remember BUCKETS.

The Bucket Brigade I wonder how many buckets we had in the house and all involved Woman's Work.

I spoke of the wash up area in the pantry, of having no running water and this fact necessitated a bucket for clean water and one on the floor to pour the used water from the basin.

In the hub of farm life, the kitchen: I recall that around the Majestic Range there was a coal bucket and another bucket for ashes. In addition, somewhere around these, was a bucket for leavings from the table used for "slopping the hogs." Over in the dishwashing area, also with no faucets or pumps,[50] there were buckets for well and cistern water and again on the floor, one for the used water.

As you ponder these buckets, you'll realize someone had to carry in the coal, fresh water and carry out the used water, ashes and table scraps. My father or "hands" did some of this, but much of it was woman's work, especially when the men were busy during farming season.

With no running water or inside toilets, there were chambers,[51] sometimes called chamber pots or buckets placed in each bedroom for use at night. The daily routine included carrying these buckets to the outside for disposal.

Then there was the upstairs bath water, the Saturday night bath water, the water in to heat the wash boiler for washing clothes, the water out to put in the washer, and the waste water from the washing machine and rinse tubs on the porch. This was work. And we complain today? Actually, I believe our women of this period thought that this was how life was. They expected so little and most were thankful for simple blessings: for being alive, for families, homes and food.

More buckets around were the milk buckets carried in by the men in order to separate the cream, but washed later by the women, along with all those *separator* parts!

In the summer, there were pails or containers of fruit or vegetables carried from the orchard and garden sitting nearby. After canning or consuming, the peelings and discard containers had to be carried out. Oh yes, one or two egg buckets were someplace in those two rooms. The eggs were left on a table at room temperature until eaten or sold at the grocery. This

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[50] Aunt Adelaide had a sink and a pump in her unpretentious kitchen in her 100 year (ca 1820s) home.

[51] Chamber/chamber pot--Webster does not give this specific usage of chamber, but states chamber is a private room and mainly refers to compartments of various meanings.

egg sale enterprise provided the farm women with what they called *pin or egg money.*

Let There Be Light In this 1920 era on our farm, as others in the area, we had no electricity. This lack is what created the stark contrast to our lives now and caused our mothers and grandmothers to have a huge chore and, traditionally[52] their role,--just to keep the home lit at night. The lamps from each room would be taken to the kitchen at least every week for filling with kerosene, the wicks trimmed (to prevent smoking) and the lamp glass covers washed to obtain every bit of light possible. We also had a fancy hanging light fixture over the dining room table. There appeared a newer more expensive table lamp called "Aladdin"[53] that was a different concept, using a mantle instead of a wick and gave a bright white light. A marketing ad of the time was " Be wise and save your eyes, Aladdinize!" We often carried the lighted lamps from room to room when a light was not lit in the next room. Always being economical was a paramount virtue so of course, kerosene was not wasted.

Without electricity, the women were deprived of all the labor saving devices[54] we enjoy in our homes today. There was an inability (one reason probably a financial one) to tap into the electric lines. The Rural Electrification Program was on the horizon, however. A few families who lived closer to the electric lines on the Ridge Road "got" electricity before I moved away in 1929. The Lollars "had" it when they built their new home. Ruby Lollar had an electric cooking range. I recall her women guests commented and discussed how expensive it must be to cook with electricity. Ruby cheerfully countered "one *can* manage, the oven is so well insulated, you just turn the current off at least ten minutes before a cake is done, etc." Our farm home became electrified years after we left.

As I discuss the rest of Woman's Work, the reader should keep in mind that all this was done without running water and electricity. My mother's generation didn't think they had it so bad. They were aware their mothers had carried water even further from a spring, cooked from a fireplace, washed all their clothes on a *washboard,*[55]not even a handpowered washing machine[56] and most likely had heard that their grandmothers scrubbed the clothes on rocks in a nearby creek and even used candles that they had made! Many of their foremothers had also toiled in the fields beside the men, yet hardly any woman did on the Ridge.

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[52]Women and their history of keeping the hearth, "candles in the window," the aura, the light of the home.

[53]Farmer's Almanac 1997 has an excellent article on this lamp, page 126. The Mantle Lamp Co., Alexandria, IN by 1937 had sold 15 million lights. The inventor, "Victor Samuel Johnson died in 1943, knowing he had fulfilled a childhood fantasy. He had brought Aladdin's magical light to the dark corners of the world."

[54]Cookstoves, ironing, washing, vacuuming, water pump, electric mixer, etc.

[55]Washboard: Webster: 1. A rectangular board or frame, typically with a corrugated surface on which clothes are rubbed in the process of washing.

[56]As I researched my mother's Slagle family I found a patent that a "cousin," Hugh O'Harra, of Pickaway Co., OH obtained on 7, Apr.,1861 for a washing machine, named "The Emancipator" .

Wash Day/Bean Day When good weather was expected, Mondays were washdays. The first thing was for Dad to build a roaring fire in the old Majestic Range. The reservoir on this stove kept water warm, but seldom hot. A wash boiler was necessary for the hot water. It was filled from the *cistern* pump on the porch and carried to the stove to heat. While this was heating, Mother started to prepare the evening meal, often navy beans, which had been soaked overnight. The beans were cooked with some smoked pork brought to a boil in lots of water, then moved further back on the stove to cook slowly, not requiring much attention. Finally Mother moved them to the *back burner,*[57] where they barely simmered the rest of the day. That night we would eat them, usually on slices of white bread and enjoy.

Next, you might want to imagine what all took place. The clothes were gathered, scrubbed on a *wash -board* or boiled in a wash boiler if heavily soiled. Then mom placed them in her primitive washer and agitated them by pushing and pulling a protruding handle. Am not sure what soap[58] she used, probably Fels Naptha, which had to be cut up, placed in water on the stove to melt since granulated soaps were not yet on the market. Next, she had to operate a hand clothes wringer, lifting the clothes from the washer into the first rinse wash tub, from that into the second rinse tub containing some *bluing* which was put in this tub for white clothes to enhance the whiteness. Finally, she would put them again *through the wringer* [59] into the clothes basket. A big chore was still ahead- the hanging of the clothes. She carried the baskets of the heavy wet clothes, along with a bag of clothespins to the backyard and hung on the line as early and fast as possible to catch the best of the day's warmth and breezes. The clothes which appeared to be still stained[60] were placed on some flat area to bleach from the sun's direct rays. This included the tea towels almost always made from seed and flour cloth bags, and the women's sanitary cloths. There was another related process; she had to cook starch, make it smooth and thin it to the proper consistency and immerse the fancy clothes such as the white dresses, petticoats and blouses in it to make them fuller and more like new. These tasks took several hours.

Of course, Mother had to stop, finished or not, and make the *noon dinner.* This was probably something from Sunday's meal, supplemented by the always available applesauce, homemade cottage cheese, and perhaps followed by a cobbler or pie.

As the clothes dried, they had to be taken into the house. On the happy side, no clean clothes ever so pleasantly arouses the olfactory sense as the ones dried outdoors in fresh air. The women felt pleased when they inhaled this sweet freshness, even if tired. Mother would ask

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[57] This must be the origin of our phrase, *back burner,*now meaning " of lower priority."

[58]Mother made her own soap. The process involved lard or other fats and lye. However, Mildred became an expert; her soap was whiter and scented with sassafras.

[59]This has been an expression denoting a stressful situation in my lifetime.

[60]Another fairly successful treatment, especialy for berry stains: the spot was placed over a bowl, secured with a rubber band and boiling water poured over it.

me to help her make the beds. Sometmes we laughed as we tugged the long pillowcases, called *bolsters* onto the large pillows.

Toward evening if they hadn't dried, the clothes would be strung around almost everything inside with a surface to finish drying. In the winter this was difficult and unattractive. The union suits (long johns) would freeze and literally be able to stand in a corner. When I ponder on this long arduous wash day, it becomes clear why our parents and ancestors only bathed weekly and it's entirely possible that that is how often they changed clothes. Certainly, standards of cleanliness were different from necessity It was often said "Cleanliness is next to Godliness." Perhaps "Cleanliness is a labor of love" would have been more appropos.

Then there was ironing, most likely started on Tuesday. The clothes were sprinkled until they "*gave*"-- meaning uniformly barely damp. The following was needed for the ironing chore, the finishing touches to the week's laundry: a hot fire on the Majestic, several black very heavy *flatirons,* time, and lots of energy. The irons were heated on top of the hottest portion of the stove until they spat when a bit of water or spit was dropped on them. The ironer had to keep the Majestic stove going full blast as long as there was ironing to be done. Many items were ironed, and even more was demanded in the hot summer season from more changes and some fancier women's clothing. The extra heat of the stove contributed to the uncomfortable warmth, emitting a special moist ironing scent in the house. I remember noticing Mom flushed and perspiring from lifting that heavy iron and being so close to the hot stove. She and her peers were, in this activity, examples of endurance to the nth degree.

Mending and Sewing Mom mended clothes on her old treadle Singer Sewing machine. The aim of mending was perfection--so the patch hardly showed. The stockings and socks were *darned.* This was done by hand with needle and *darning*[61] cotton thread by interweaving cross stitches to fill in the gaping holes. Most women believed in the saying *"A stitch in time saves nine."* Mother also sewed some from patterns. Once she made a dress for me from an old rose soft-woven wool fabric which glistened from the gold metallic threads. I recall her wishing to get my hem line even. She got pretty irritated at me for tiring and asking more than once "Aren't you done yet?" and for my not turning properly for her to obtain her illusory perfection.

***A Lick and a Promise* and Spring Housecleaning** For most of the year cleaning was sporadic, *"a lick and a promise"* was often said, dictated by personal standards and time because thorough weekly cleaning was seldom possible. The tools were a broom, a mop, a carpet sweeper, a dust cloth, a few cleaning products such as Fels- Naptha soap, Bon Ami advertised as "hasn't scratched yet" (with a picture showing baby chicks), or Old Dutch cleanser which proclaimed "scrubs things clean," and always the helpers, ammonia and

[61] I continued this "art" for my husband for years. He sometimes asks (in vain) if I could darn his socks.

vinegar. Most of our convenient cleaning products and paper items such as towels were not yet in use or invented. The women's ever present large aprons,[62] often with pockets could be termed a tool, since they were used to carry some items easily, being a container at once available and had become part of the culture.

During the winter the cook stoves, the fireplaces, the furnaces or pot bellied stoves left an unsightly black coating of smoke which kept accumulating along with layers of dust on all surfaces, nooks and crannies. As the nice Spring days appeared, the housewives' thoughts and energies turned to a cleaner fresher house and they *spring cleaned* from room to room. In converstion, the housewives would sometimes boldly ask a friend "Have you done your spring cleaning yet?" The wallpaper was cleaned, floors, woodwork, and windows washed to remove the winter's deposits. The beds were taken apart, slats washed, straw ticks and featherbeds carried outside to be shaken, or beaten and aired. The rugs and any padding were removed and hung over the clothesline to be beaten with a *carpet beater.* The dust caused from this activity was probably inhaled by the wielder of the carpetbeater as well as by the bystanders, unless the wind blew it away in the opposite direction. After a few hours of airing, the women took the rugs in and felt the reward of the day's project as they lay the "clean" rugs on the floor. The rest of the rooms of the house were similarly attacked, day by day, as their other daily demands permitted.

To Set a Fine Table, to be Hospitable, Frugal and *Make Do*

The phrase "*To set a Fine Table* " has been in use for a long time. The concept of how the farm women of the 1920s managed the great task of cooking "*three square meals*" and the above causes us to reflect and respect them for their careers in the home, especially the kitchen. They had to strive to fulfill these goals with what they had available. Usually there was a lack of cash and often the ingredients unavailable in the stores. Later, there were improvements in food preservation and the delivery of fresh produce. There was little food knowledge, as we know it. Vitamins were being discovered, but the vitamin craze or acceptance hadn't happened. The value of fiber in foods was a vague concept, not known nor emphasized as a preventive of diverticulosis, colon cancer, diabetes etc. as medical authorities do advise us today.

The women's role was to please the men of the house who generally demanded their three square meals and food that they would proclaim "stick to their ribs and not that *rabbit food.*" Cholesterol's role in health was in the dark ages and few cookbooks were readily available or promoted as a necessity. Mother only had The Whitehouse Cookbook.[63] Most

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[62]The *aprons* carried baby chickens, shooed flies from the table, toted fallen apples, tomatoes etc., used as a pot holder, for drying her brow while ironing or cooking by the hot wood stove, for hiding shy children and wiping their tears. Hence, we say "tied to Mama's apron strings."

[63]Had been wanting to search for this book among used books. Lo and behold I found it at our new Super Crown Bookstore-$9.98. It was first published in the 1890s, and now reprinted in 1995 by

women learned from generations of mothers or someone else in the family--or by trial and error.[64] We often do things a certain way because the women in the family always did it. An example is my mother always said not to cut the tops of beets off or they'd bleed and lose their pretty red color. I have purchased topless beets at a farm stand and they remained red when cooked, but before that, had always done it her way. However, I no doubt retain a few traces of her cooking ideas and sometimes "woman talk" about it. One thought she expressed was she found it difficult to remember the sequence in making cream of tomato soup whether to pour the tomato puree into the milk sauce or vice versa. She solved it by saying the familiar line from the song "Three cheers for the red white and blue." Translated: the red into the white.

In the 1920s the homemakers tried to fulfill the above goals. The children and grandchildren, who read this, may better be able to understand the whys of the food their female ancestors chose to "set on a fine table."

It has been important[65] to me, as well as a challenge, to delve into the recesses of my brain to retrieve the old food memories, because food preparation has been a great part of my life and often a subject of conversation in the family. I am proud to say my family is into a love of cooking, to give of theirselves to please family and guests, be it ethnic, gourmet or more simple meat loaf and mashed potatoes. Our son Mitch called from his apartment one day and asked how to make "mommy meat loaf and mashed potatoes." Janet and Diane have called about preparing the Thanksgiving turkey. Many of us women and men, discuss new foods we have incorporated into our dishes, especially if we are excited about new taste thrills we incorporate into our cooking life; examples come to mind such as balsamic vinegar, the herb cilantro, the okra/gumbo vegetable and the spice cumin. Food is a bond and a celebration.

Today's reality of busy schedules, children's activities, working women combined with the availability of fast foods, supermarket deli bars and good restaurants have often eliminated long hours of cooking. A grandson has remarked that cooking has become a lost art as he has observed his peers' families. This pertains to pie making, soups that take all day and mashed potatoes made from *scratch,*[66] as they say--not frozen or dried, for example. The time saving products have their use, but we need to continue to appreciate the cooking art and keep the love, smells and creativity in the kitchen as much as possible.

The creativity is where my mother and others shined. Because they had to be frugal and were far from markets, they "*made do*" with substitutes and invented new recipes. Their

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Smithmark Publishers, NYC, NY. I located the Floating Island recipe, the pressed chicken, all kinds of remedies, household hints, including a hint on how to keep the flies off the smoked meats. Recipes are all in paragraph form, not formatted as today's. This book find was great for my nostalgia and quest !

[64]I had no cookbook when I married, so what I knew, I had learned was from many cooks.

[65]Because Mother died when I was 13, I have tried to remember details of my life with her, especially what we ate.

[66]One of the first things a baby chicken does is to *scratch* with his feet. To cook a dish from *scratch* means "from the first point or beginning," meant to be a complimentary phrase.

necessity caused them to make new uses of what was in their larder. I've heard the older women complain through the years because recipes in the papers and magazines asked for "so many ingredients you don't have on hand." I have failed to understand how one can make something with nothing, but remind myself that I am of another generation which is less frugal and more secure.

The homemakers embraced recipes such as "one egg cake" and "mock angel food" which required only a few eggs. Sounds odd with their *gathering* many eggs each day, but remember, the eggs had monetary value to them. The shortening lard was on hand in mammoth tin cans from the January butchering, yet Aunt Adelaide said, in bragging of her economy: "I use lard the size of a walnut for everyday pies and size of an egg for company ones." She once told me that regardless of how many persons or meals she served, she managed to make a pound of butter last a week.

To my great surprise, Mildred tells me we always used the white oleomargarine, which had to be mixed with the color capsule to color it yellow. It seems the creamery who took our milk sent back ten ponds of oleo from time to time. This calls for more explanation. What years? Why? Weren't the farmers against the product oleo? I had thought so and am fairly certain we had churns and that we had butter.

Potato salad was made from leftover mashed potatoes or perhaps they were used for fried potato patties; hash from the day old meat with potatoes and a few onions added; succotash, a combination of corn and green or lima beans; milk toast, french toast, and bread pudding from aging bread; all were created with the principle *"Waste not, want not."*

Using too many commercially canned foods was considered extravagant. The frugal Slagle sisters and women friends sometimes spoke disparagingly of any woman (usually a younger one) who frequently used a can opener. They would say "She throws out with a tablespoon what her husband puts in with a shovel." They firmly believed they theirselves were helping the family to a better life. *"Saving for a rainy day"* was preached by almost everyone, and no one doubted it an extremely important goal in the days before social security and pensions. Many folks think it is still a good philosophy. They were proud and bragged about saving pennies, "*Save your pennies and the dollars will take care of theirselves.*"

I spoke of their wanting to be hospitable. Certain salesmen, as the Watkins man, the piano tuner, insurance or the plant salesman would be asked to stay for the noon dinner. Any friends or relatives that came unexpectedly would join us. It was the thing to do. There was a custom of "dropping by," especially on Sunday afternoons, done hardly at all today, and in fact considered rather impolite. The housewives didn't make menus. They tended to put all they had on the table (a *groaning table*?) in those occasions as a welcome. However, friends and relatives were sometimes told. "Let me know, so I can *put your name in the pot.*"

There was little formal (by invitation) entertaining. I have a printed notice of Mom and Dad entertaining their Flinch card club with refreshments served. Giving *Oyster stew parties* was a custom when oysters were in season i.e. "every month containing an r." Mildred

once had a nice luncheon for her girl friends. The speciality of our house was pressed chicken. The chicken, after all the preparatory procedures, was cooked until it fell off the bones and the broth was richly gelatinous. Then the meat was finely ground, mixed with vinegar, salt and pepper, celery salt and enough of the broth to help set it. The mixture was placed in a crock with a flatiron on top of it. This delicacy, after chilling, was sliced and served, along with other pleasing company foods such as fruit jello salad, potato salad, etc. The food for Mildred's event was placed on hand painted china luncheon plates with flower and fruit designs. A dish served to family and company was a dessert called Floating Island. It was a custard like pudding with dots of whipped egg whites "floating." I read that this dessert was one of Ronald Reagan's favorites.

Besides Spring Cleaning there was another rite of Spring, the "gathering of the greens" [67] for our Spring Tonic. I learned how to choose the young dandelions, curly dock and lamb's quarter. Dad also tapped maple trees for maple syrup and dug sassafras roots for tea--a strong concoction. Soon the mushroom "crop" awaited our taking in the ash tree grove. They continued to emerge for a week or ten days, These were the tasty sponge mushrooms known as morels, very pricey and seldom found in stores now.

I spoke of vitamins and fiber in the diets which come from whole grains, fresh vegetables and fruits. The summertime fruits and vegetables amply provided these elements. There were young lettuce salads, sometimes wilted lettuce seasoned with the hot bacon fat, vinegar and sugar and cabbage slaw made just from vinegar and sugar and salt. We didn't know about or have salad oils, but did make a boiled dressing of sugar, a little flour, vinegar, milk and an egg, which was often used on potato salad. There were all the other fresh vegetables and fruits. The winter *larder*[68] was rather sparse for these nutrients. The apples, carrots and parsnips lasted a few months in the cellar and then they were gone or spoiled. Oranges and tangerines, a Christmas treat, were usually in the stocking. Mildred once brought home some grapefruit, which was a new fruit to us. Canned pineapple was sometimes purchased when I had a sore throat and I'd say "it makes my throat feel so good." After the summer lettuce and cabbage were gone, the only fresh salad was waldorf salad made from apples, celery and nuts--also with the boiled dressing. The family had some sauerkraut with the fresh pork in the winter, but it wasn't enough of a staple in our diet to be adequate for a Vitamin C needs.

There was a popular pickled green pepper the neighbors made. The peppers were filled with cabbage and pickled in a stone jar. I loved the sample bites I got from schoolmates at lunch. Always the juices would drip from their mouths, practically causing me to drool along with them. The peppers, called "mangoes" in S. Ohio, were not one of Mom's favorite foods, so she never made these pickled peppers. The canned tomatoes, applesauce, fruits and fresh apples probably saved us from scurvy. As far as whole grains for the B vitamins and fiber, we had some oldtime dry cereals, namely Post Toasties and Grapenuts, but we ate only the bakery's

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[67] My Dad once told me years after I left home and he had a garden that he just couldn't get enough of the young green onions and radishes. Without nutrition knowledge, our bodies often tell us what to eat.

[68] Webster: larder, "a room or a cupboard where food is kept."

white bread. There were reasons (the whole enchilada, so to speak) the average person was constipated! Castor oil, castoria (which tasted much better) and enema equipment were always on hand.

We fared better on protein. There was a surfeit of fresh pork dishes after butchering day in January and after the smoking process we enjoyed the hams and shoulders, always accompanied by *red eye gravy.* The smoked hams were hanging and canned cooked sausage was on the cellar shelf, readily available for her meal planning.

There was plenty of chicken. The housewife could cook it if: she would catch it, kill it, and not be faint hearted about the scene of its hopping about after the decapitation. Then one had to scald it to loosen the feathers to pluck them, next remove the entrals with utmost care, so as not to break the bile one tiny bit, or the whole chicken would taste bitter. Mom warned in the strongest language about the breaking of the bile sac, "If you get the tiniest drop of that bitter bile on the chicken, it all will be ruined." Finally, she either cut up the fowl for frying southern style or prepare to cook it whole such as chicken and dumplings.

Beef was very special, enjoyed at the time of feeding the *threshers.* Mother disdained lamb by calling it mutton, so I never had that meat until I married and went to my in-laws. There, when a young bride I ate it, the Kartalia's traditional dish. It was a delectable roasted garlic enhanced young lamb. The men paraded in, carrying it down on the spit from their woods. I felt it was a special presentation to me, the new member of their family. Have been hooked on lamb and garlic (something else never in the Dunham home) ever since.

We had eggs, fried, scrambled or deviled [69] and cottage cheese. As for drinking milk, another protein source, Mildred says Mother never liked milk, and perhaps that's why she was stricken with osteomalacia. No one really knew the cause, but I read it was a disorder of the parathyroid glands, also that it was really adult rickets. I don't recall drinking much of the lukewarm milk, either. Cholesterol was consumed in large amounts fearlessly- the pork products, eggs, butter (oleo?) and pies.

You may ask "What did you really eat"? We ate lots and lots of calories, but no one in my family carried surplus pounds. They exercised, in Woman's Work, (carrying the buckets) and you'll learn of the men's hard toil in the next chapter "Men's Work."

We ate : Breakfast: Ham, bacon, or sausage and eggs, bacon and eggs, often fried cornmeal mush[70] (now called polenta), bread or toast, jelly or applesauce and coffee. The eggs were usually fried in the bacon fat. If Mother wasn't serving bacon, there was always a

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[69]Made deviled eggs for Mitch (husband) early in our marriage for his lunch. Later, he said "What was that tripe you put in my lunch?" Not being tuned in to his pictureque speech, I was hurt. Then he hugged me and said he really liked them!

[70]Cornmeal mush is cooked much as rice, takes more expertise to prevent lumps, eaten with milk as a cereal, more often eaten after being molded, sliced, dipped in cornmeal and sauteed until golden. I once called mush and eggs my favorite food! To eat, one dips the crispy mush into the fried egg. I would still like it, but I never "sold" it to my family.

container of bacon fat nearby to liberally use for seasoning and cooking. Because of our smoking process there were sediments in the fat which adhered to the eggs. I recall that I complained a lot about my "dirty" eggs. Mom made two kinds of toast. One was made with a toaster with four sides that dropped down to hold the bread. This was placed over open coals with the cookstove lid removed, resulting in a soft slightly charred toast. The best toast was made, I thought, was by baking buttered bread slices in the oven until they were golden and crunchy.

Dinner: Farmers had *dinner* at noon, as mentioned before. The housewife had to somehow work this into her other planned day of duties such as carrying buckets, churning butter,[71] giving the chickens water and their *chicken feed.*[72] spring cleaning, picking berries, washing clothes, cleaning the lamps, helping to plant the garden, care for her flowers in season, canning and mending.[73] She cooked some meat, almost always served gravy, potatoes, had side dishes of perhaps, corn, green beans, or stewed tomatoes (tastily prepared by putting pieces of a slice of bread, a bit of sugar and bacon fat in them), cottage cheese,[74] applesauce, pickled beets or cabbage slaw in summer, a pie, and, if still hungry, one filled up on bread and jelly, fruit preserves or the applesauce which was always on the table. Other items always seen on the table were a container such as an old sugar bowl containing all the spoons to be handy, and. short glass globular stemware called *salt cellars* at each plate. During the spring garden season the partakers of radishes and onions would dip each one in the salt cellar before eating. It was common, and still is in the area, to put salt on melons and sliced tomatoes too. Butter was always on the table. One didn't eat bread without butter or ---was it margarine?

Supper, not dinner at night was a little lighter, but similar. My memory is that we almost always had fried potatoes. Many of the farm women cooked them from boiled potatoes, leftover from another meal, or perhaps they boiled them ahead on purpose to save time and fuel. Mother often cooked them to perfection from the fresh raw potatoes, as I still do. They make a great vegetarian meal in summer along with sweet corn,[75] green beans, and sliced tomatoes.

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[71]Churns: the oldest type was a tall wooden vessel with a stomper that one had to stand, move it up and down in the churn for many minutes, whipping the cream into butter. Then came a smaller glass rotary churn; we could sit and only had to turn a small wheel and the agitator produced the good sweet butter.

[72]My generation still speaks of small amounts of money as *chicken feed.* Is it because the grain (usually corn) was ground small?

[73]The patches and darning was supposed to be done very neatly, so one could hardly tell it was patched.

[74]Milk was let to sour or *clabber,* heated slowly on the stove until proper separation of curds and whey occurred, then strained. This was a fine grained cheese, different and better flavor, I think, than the commercial cottage cheese now.

[75]Sweet corn (roasting ears) in season was a high point. Grandma Dunham arrived one day when I was about two. Everyone greeted each other, mentioned corn for dinner and soon noticed i was missing. They found me pulling corn, especially those cute little nubbins. Aunt Adelaide dried corn on shallow

Bread, commonly called the *staff of life* was eaten in our home, but I have no memory of it being a delight. I cannot recall Mother making bread. A common saying today about a new product or idea is *"the greatest thing since sliced bread!"* As I empathize with mother's life, I think she'd refer to something new that she liked "the greatest thing since baker's bread." Never mind if the bread was sliced or not. I did not know what I had been missing until a neighbor lady brought us loaves of wonderful homemade bread during Mother's illness. The sweet yeasty aroma gave a hint of the goodness to come. Having made bread, I can understand her happiness at being liberated. For me, breadmaking was creative, but to her just another demanding chore. She may have even liked the bought bread's different soft texture and flavor, but if not, she no doubt thought the convenience well worth it.

Pies and cobblers were commonplace. We had the one egg cake, cupcakes, mock angel food, and hickory nut cakes, but cake making became more of an art form after Mom's time. Sometimes soft cookies were made--probably because crisp cookies take more fat and the cooks rationed their year's supply of lard.

Mildred came and went from the Waynesville *Normal* [76] School and her teaching positions. When home, she initiated experiments in cooking, such as divinity candies, the new fluffy boiled icing for a white cake with hickory nuts and she even made potato chips.

"Putting Up"(Canning) = a Messy Kitchen The farm folks used to say: "We eat what we can and what we can't eat we can."

On an early morning in late June or early July my mother would don her sunbonnet and put "cut off" white stockings on her long arms. We would head back the grassy corridor to the berry patch. She carried our buckets with rope shoulder straps. When beside the ripe berries, we put the straps over our shoulders and picked the raspberries or blackberries with both hands and wasted little time. Back in her kitchen she would start sorting or preparing the fruit for making the jelly, jam, preserves or sometimes canning them whole to be used for dessert. The actual process that everyone called *putting up* was usually delayed until after the noon dinner.

I remember when I was about eight, I remarked about our neighbor's kitchen being always clean and neat by 2 P.M. and stayed that way. Well, she really harrumphed "Why not, she never cans or pickles!" I never said that again.

Now I know her reactive words were those of a proud farmer's wife, sure of her priorities. Hadn't Raymond said "I read in the Farmer's Almanac that a hard long winter was

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trays. To prepare, it had to be soaked and cooked a long time, seasoned and became a tasty, but uniquely different corn dish. Think she learned this from the Haynor farm, where the Slagles lived and where Peter Dunham and Monte Haynor were in the corn drying and canning business.

[76] At Mildred's 93rd birthday party her son Richard joked about his mother always referring to her "normal" friends. There was a National Association of Normal Schools. Mildred completed her preparatory education for teaching school at Waynesville Normal School.

coming"? The sagging shelves in the cellar would, by her hands, be lined with good looking jars of fruit, tomatoes, preserves and jellies along with the delicious canned sausages remaining from the past winter. These sausages had been made from the newly butchered pork pieces, then ground, seasoned and formed into patties, fried, and lastly packed neatly in mason glass jars and covered with boiling lard to preserve them. Later, they could be served quickly by heating--the forerunner of our *"brown and serve* "sausages.

Random Comments on Our Food and Drink ca 1920s

No lamb. See footnote on garlic.

Rarely beef except for the threshers, yes, no hamburgers.

Very little fish, sometimes oysters, often escalloped (especially for Thanksgiving) or in oyster stew. The oysters were bought in months containing an "r" from Sept. through April

No garlic.[77]

Few sweet peppers- called "*mangoes"* in our S.W. Ohio area.

No hot peppers.

No whipped cream until Aunt Emma came from Minnesota, whipped cream, and served on peaches. I imagine my parents knew about this, but considered it extravagant.

Rarely ice cream. We never made it at home in these years..After a sufficient snowfall, we took some fresh snow into the house and quickly made snow ice cream by adding sugar, vanilla and cream. When Mother was ill. and we brought it from Lebanon, the ice cream arriving in a semi frozen state. Years later, Dad bought a small freezer and made good vanilla and fruit ice creams.

No Sodas in the home, then called pop, but occasionally I had a bottle of cherry pop at Van Riper's grocery store, S.Lebanon. Went there with our tenant, Mr. Marlatt and Leota in a horse and buggy. Had ice cream sodas in the ice cream parlor in Lebanon.

No Broccoli--We nurses called it (albeit the 1930s) in levity and some distaste little "Christmas trees" when served.

Green beans were always cooked until pale olive green and well done with some ham or pork. I still happen to like them that way, but prefer the quick cooked "retain the green" method.

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[77]As a young bride visiting the Peter Kartalia home in Avella, PA, I encountered new smells: the heavenly aroma of his mother Andjelia's wonderful homemade bread, no matter how hot the weather, she heated the house and did her baking. Never had had lamb until then. The Kartalias roasted a young lamb in the woods in honor of us. Loved the warm fragrances of lamb and garlic, it tasted so good. How had I missed this delicacy in my twenty three years? The pantry emanated an unfamiliar smell that I later discovered had been garlic and soon learned I liked it. Beer was stored and imbibed rather freely, its odor was new and it took me several years to take and enjoy a glass of beer with Mitch.

Nothing spicier than pumpkin pie or gingerbread.

Salad dressings were only the boiled egg dressing or vinegar and sugar.

No French fries-- so deprived!

Pasta was not called pasta, but macaroni or spaghetti then, not often served, had macaroni and cheese, spaghetti mildly seasoned with tomato, bacon, and perhaps a little onion.

Sometimes biscuits or cornbread

Rice, occasionally as rice pudding, not as a starch substitute

No liquor except as they said "for medicinal purposes" beer or wine Once or twice Adam Rouster, a hired hand brought Dad dandelion wine which I believe Dad enjoyed. More on alcohol use in a later chapter

Battle of the Flies The screen doors in spring, summer and fall (most numerous) were "papered" with house flies, plus a few horse flies too. It is not pleasant to remember or speak on this unhappy fact of farm life. "Don't stand in the door! Close that door!" were frequent admonitions. One had to enter and leave quickly to keep the flying nuisances from storming into a house, a house so inviting to them with its delicious smells of food -which could be their food. At meals we whisked flies from the food, as we ate, as at today's picnics, but we in these seasons faced the fly situation every day, every meal.

Often the cooking food aromas were masked by the scent of a spray used in this war-- the weapon was flytox. After the food was cleared, the rooms were sprayed with this product. Sheets of flypaper were spread on various surfaces and the little curlique rolls, hung from the ceiling or hanging lamps, were polka dotted with the black remains of the unfortunate ones. There were the ever present well used fly swatters, all of us having to take turns as soldiers armed to kill the enemies.

I suspect the common bowel affliction, then called flux, and *"summer complaint"*[78] of babies in their second summer were partly caused or made worse by these invaders. Of course the lack of refrigeration was a large factor too, which brings me to the last, but a vital aspect of Woman's Work in the 1920s era.

Mom, the Nurturer, Her Home Remedies,--Woman's Work

In those times, because of the distance from a doctor, of being frugal (and no health insurance) with antibiotics unknown, the role of homemaker included the role as nurse and "doctor." Their treatments were learned from their mothers or their husband's mother. These remedies often had been handed down from generation to generation. The women also learned from neighbors who had reported success, and from the pitches of the medicine men who had traveling shows,[79] offered live entertainment, and sold their nostrums during intermission.

[78] I had this syndrome and am told nearly left this world. The doctor flamed whiskey and prescribed it for me.

the hawkers promised cures for all man's ills, be it tuberculosis, liver, kidney disease or lumbago.[80] The nurturer sometimes remembered and carried out the advice of the family doctor. All this must comprise what has been called "Old Wives Tales." Mother's one and only cookbook The White House Cook Book, published in the 1890s, had about thirty pages on caring for the sick. Our own Doctor Mom had knowledge beyond this source, such as the germ theory, which doesn't seem to be addressed in this book.

I personally was given castor oil, but later I much preferred the newer nicely flavored castoria. More than a few times I was given enemas when I complained of a stomach ache and the medications failed.

The hired hand would have an accident, sustain a cut and come into the kitchen. Mother would grab the nearby bottle of peroxide and flush the wound before putting a clean firm bandage on it. I can't recall anyone needing or getting stitches and miraculously there were no bad infections.

My cousin Robert Slagle spent some time at our house one summer. Along a fence row he spotted what he termed "little cute bunches of green grapes high in a tree." He picked them and put them in his pants pocket. The grapes were from a poisonous plant and the skin of his whole body raged with redness and a swollen rash. I think Mom kept me away from whatever she did because he was a boy, so I don't know the treatment or if they did go to a doctor. She cared for and nursed him until the attack subsided. It was the season for wonderful applesauce made from the early transparent apples. One night at dinner he said "Aunt Ethel, would you please (he was very polite) pass me some of your medicine?" Bob must have believed even her food was healing.

I spoke of the bowel conditions such as the flux and the second summer syndrome. Mother made what she called thickened milk for these ills. Her recipe as near as we can determine: milk, flour, sugar, cinnamon and vanilla was cooked and blended until very smooth. This "pudding" of Mother's she considered to be curative for the stomach. We had faith and best of all, it tasted fine.

Mother was aware of germs. She would stop me from handling the money from a piggy bank, "Don't you know everyone's hands have been on them?" Teacups that were cracked were "inhabited" and discarded. Chipped enamelware was recycled for water and feed pans for the chickens. She prevailed at keeping me from the Warren Couty Fair if the disease Poliomyelitis was in the county and she frowned on my associating with the Schultz girls who lived across a field and had lost two siblings to tuberculosis.

There was the ever present actuality or possibility of colds. In this case, I think Mom was more in fear of my being cold as the cause rather than the germs. In cold weather she would

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[79]Mildred boarded the Sullivan couple, performers at the Bartone Medicine show, performed yearly in a large flat area below their house on the hill in Waynesville. I attended and especially remember the show "Charley's Aunt."

[80]Obsolete for backache. Aunt Adelaide often spoke of her lumbago.

say "it is almost zero this morning, so you must wear your long underwear, the outing flannel *bloomers* and petticoat, and that nice dark blue wool serge dress we received from your cousin Marjorie." Never mind that I had to sit near the roaring pot bellied school stove and my schoolmates wore such pretty bright cool (ahh) gingham dresses. Not only was I uncomfortable, but I felt "out of it." As for my arguments, she couldn't understand. Mother, although loving, could be very firm, saying "Do not contradict me." And that was that

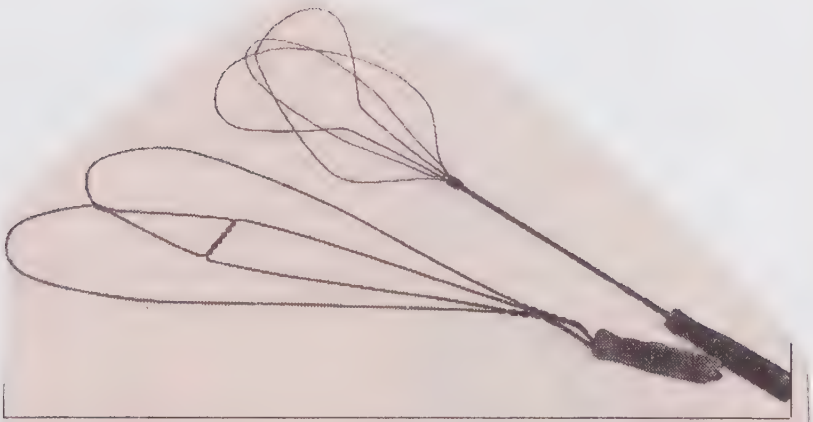
The inevitable cold symtoms would appear, either from being too warm or a schoolmate coughed in my face. Mother soon spread the musterrole salve or Vicks Vapor Rub on my throat and chest, covered the ointment with a thick piece of flannel pinned inside my undervest. I am not criticizing this, I do believe as some doctors will admit also-- the counter irritant effect helps. A bottle of whiskey was kept for "medicinal purposes." A teaspoon with a little sugar in it (as Mary Poppins sang) was another way she treated a cold. There wasn't much else to do except perhaps gargle and according to Mother, --keep warm!

A special memory has lingered all these years. One pretty October day as I recovered from Diphtheria, Mother sat in a chair under our large kiefer pear tree in our kitchen side yard. She had me on her lap as she peeled a pear and fed me small slices.

Mildred told me of an incident involving our mother that truly falls into the category of nurturing. It certainly gave me a new insight on her. When Ethel Dunham became convinced of a truth, she acted upon her beliefs. A couple of girls who lived west of our farm (not on the Ridge) informed Mother once too often that they were being sexually abused by their stepfather. On that day she put them in a buggy, harnessed the horse, then the three of them rode to Lebanon and "told it to the judge." Mildred proudly said that justice was served. When I learned this, I shared the pride.

My favorite and understandable example of my mother's nurturing began when Dr. Curry told her she was pregnant with me. She had already miscarried two or three times. The doctor asked her if she really wanted this baby and Mother said : "yes I'd like another child." Dr. Curry told her to go home and remain in bed until she was five months pregnant. Mildred remembers well that she did do this, because she had to assume a lot of "Woman's Work" and a more important role in the family. I heard about this chapter in her life when she said "It was really worth it." Thanks, Mom, Dad, and Mildred for caring.

Spring cleaning day
Mildred and I



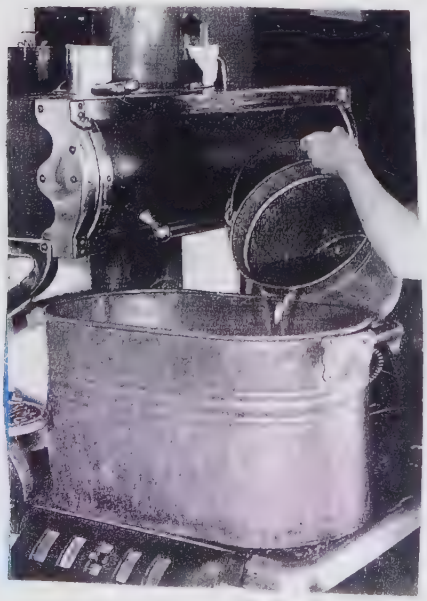
Turn-of-the-century wire rug beaters came in a wide variety of sculptural-looking designs.

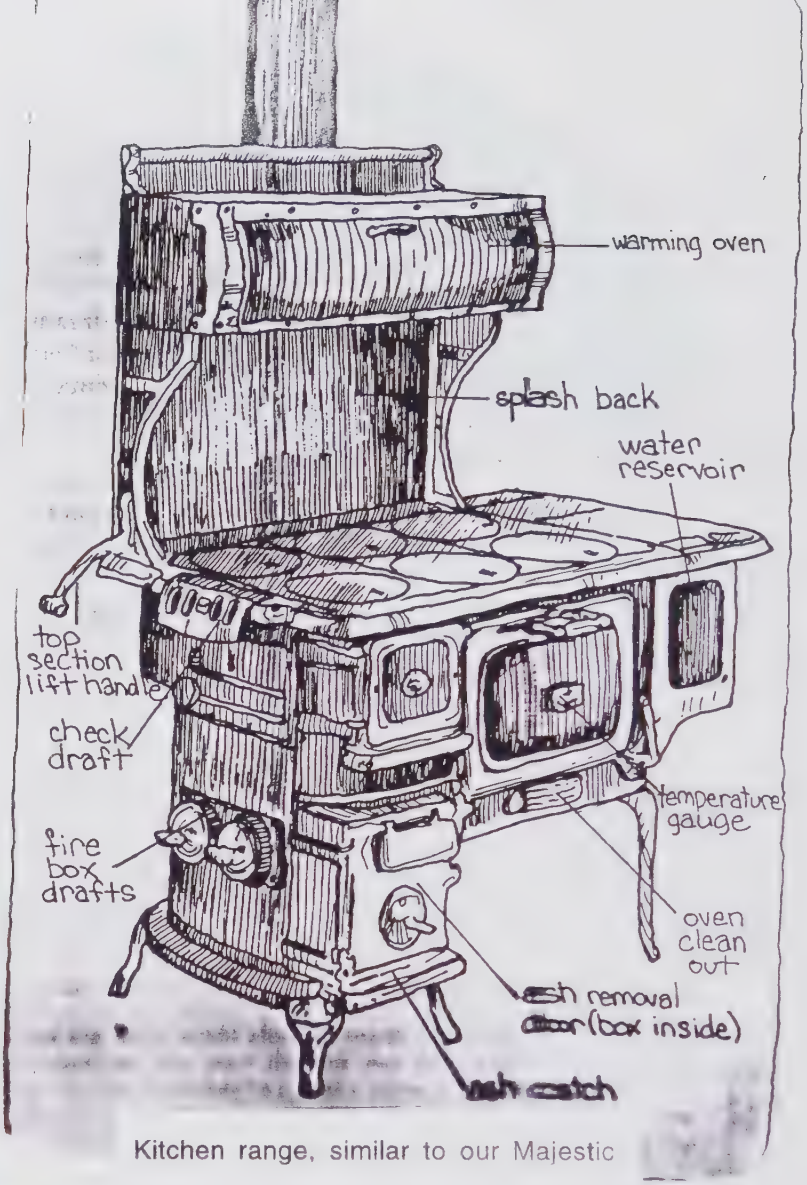
Churn

Chamber pots

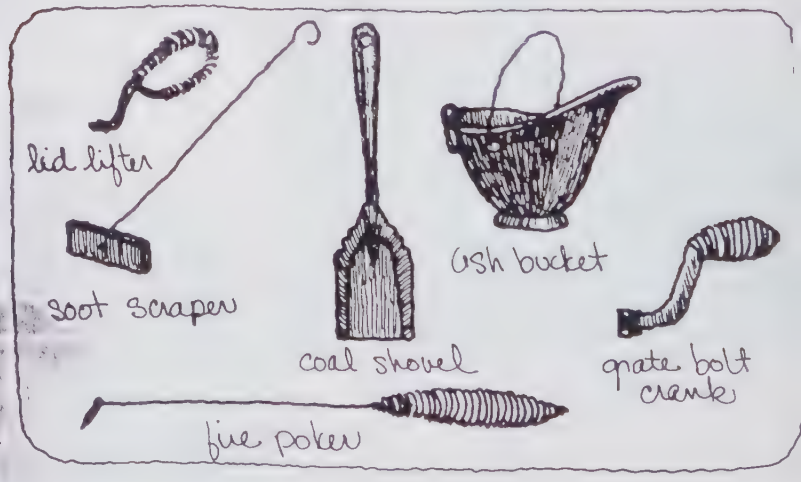
Flatirons

Mom's washing machine?





Kitchen range, similar to our Majestic



MAN WORKS FROM SUN TO SUN

As I wrote earlier, this is the first line of the old adage. First, every day of the year, of their lives as working farmers, they had to water and feed the horses, cows and pigs, remove manure and store it behind the barn for later use, clean the animal's stalls and put fresh straw for them. The cows had to be *milked,*[81] with no exceptions, morning and evening, the milk cooled or taken out the lane for the creamery to take it. All of these chores had to be finished before the day's seasonal farming schedule could begin.

Winter In the winter months, beside the above chores, the men worked on farm machinery repair and attended to work in the buildings outside, if the weather was temperate, as it can be in Southern Ohio. They could mend or build fences, make a new *scarecrow*[82] or redress the old ones, getting interesting ideas from the women. In winter, the men in our home assumed the tasks of keeping the home fires burning. I often heard my father's voice early in the morning "Ethel, the fires are made now." They chopped wood, made *kindling*[83] and maintained an adequate coal supply brought from Lebanon. They carried all these fuel needs to the kitchen and cellar where they were to be used. If the furnace had been made properly *stoked* [84] the night before, they only had to add more shovels of coal. I believe the fire in the kitchen Majestic had to be made anew each day. Before the furnace was installed, there was one or more pot bellied stoves for heating and the ashes had to be removed from all the stoves and carried out.

The men did not have to work as hard in winter; Dad sometimes relaxed, surprised and pleased me by playing the harmonica. There was more time for reading, studying the seed catalogues, the Farmer's Almanac and planning the coming season's crops. Crop rotation was a

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[81] Mother and Dad had to tend to the milking duties, while the John Dunhams went to church. Dad sometimes permitted me to try to milk. I felt important when I succeeded. Later, the farmers had milking machines. *Milk*--Webster: #7" to drain strength from, information, wealth etc. from, exploit: "The gypsy *milked* her of all her savings'." Also listed as example "*milk* of human kindness"

[82] This was to scare the crows away from the corn etc. by having it dressed and placed to appear to be a human.

[83] *Kindling* was small scraps of wood, shavings if available, pieces of bark, usually narrow strips of wood used on top of crumpled paper to easily ignite the fire. Kerosene soaked corncobs and sawdust were also considered kindling.

[84] *Stoke*: To tend a fire or furnace. In Milwaukee in the 1940s, I became quite adept at this when I had to do this chore. At night I only left a few coals burning red in the front. All the rest I covered with fresh coal or coke. Always had a nice slow fire in the morning and at that time, I would use a *poker* (a metal rod to poke or stir a fire), to start it to burn more and added more coal.

new concept growing in acceptance. Each of the grain crops grown takes different elements from the soil, so *rotating* the crops was deemed beneficial. Otherwise, proper fertilizers provided almost the same.

Butchering. Early in January a frigid forecast for the weather would dictate the right time to kill a fat hog. I never watched much of this. I do know a huge black vat filled with water was placed to boil over a roaring fire. The slaughtered hog was immersed into and taken out of the hot water to soften the bristles which had to be removed. The cutting of the meat was done in the house. Hams, bacon, sidemeat, ribs, pieces for grinding for sausage, pig's feet for pickling and a delicacy called head-cheese were the foods[85] prepared on this day. The hams and bacon were first salted or put in a brine, then hung in the smoke house for a couple weeks before making a fire from sawdust. with hickory wood to cure and flavor them. The large amount of fat was rendered in the same black kettle to get the fat called lard. [86]The end result were the delicious crisp remnants of the fat pieces called *cracklings.* There is a popular snack product called pork rinds, which was reported to be a favorite of President George Bush's, but they "*can't hold a candle,*" [87]to the cracklings of butchering day-- is what I say.

Spring: As soon as the frost was out of the ground and considered tillable the planting season began. The Farmer's Almanac, a great tool for weather prediction helped the farmer's guessing game for the proper day to begin. The success of the crops was very dependent upon the vagaries of the weather such as too much or too little rain or drought, wind, hail, temperatures too hot, or an unexpected frost or freeze.

There were no tractors for my father. All implements were horse drawn, and many had a seat. The preparation for corn planting involved several processes. First, was the spreading of the manure on the fields. Remember, in Hello Dolly when Dolly spoke of giving away money and said "spreading it around like manure"? Yes, there was a piece of equipment called a *manure spreader.* Then, my Dad rode the *molboard plow,*[88] which went down into the ground about five inches and turned the earth upside down as he plowed over the intended acreage for a field, making *furrows.*[89] Next, he took a *harrow* to break the clumps into

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[85] Many families made *scrapple* using the scraps of meat. Mildred says we did not make scrapple, a cornmeal and ground pork dish, made as the firm mush I've written about- one slices it and fries for breakfast, along with the eggs served. Mildred's in-laws, the Sheehans, introduced our family to scrapple. This is sometimes seen in grocery stores now.

[86] Mitch's parents made the most beautiful superior firm white lard. I understand this was made from the outside leaf fat and called *leaf* lard.

[87] I assume the origin of this phrase is as: Webste #7. " *candle:* to examine eggs for freshness by holding them up to a bright light.."

[88] plow: You sometimes hear people say, after a long conversation on a topic "We've plowed that ground long enough." The phrase means "enough, no more talk."

small pieces, and last a *roller*, which left the soil fine and pulverized. This took many days of work, dependent upon favorable weather. When all these steps were taken the earth was smooth, powdery, and friable as intended to give each grain of corn the best possible chance. Finally, the farmer with his team of horses and a *corn planter* filled with last year's dried kernels of corn went into the prepared field to plant the corn in very neat rows. After the corn was a few inches high a *cultivator* was used to destroy the germinated weeds and maintain the earth loose (friable) for absorption and growth. This took place every two weeks or so until the corn was too high for the implement and at that point was termed *laid by* until harvest. The Ohio farmers said the corn should be "knee high by 4th of July." My knowledgeable nephews now say that they think it should be "shoulder high."

In the spring the wheat, which had been sown in the fall, could be seen as a pretty green landscape, revealing the circular bare patterns left from last year's corn shocks. After the corn was in the ground, it was time to think of the garden.

That garden soil had to be prepared in similar manner as for the corn. Nearest the house in a small garden were planted lettuce, onion sets, radishes, green beans, beets, swiss chard, sometimes a new vegetable salsify (called oyster plant because of flavor) and peas. In a much wider, larger expanse behind this garden were planted the potatoes, sweet corn, melons, cucumbers, tomatoes, pole lima beans, etc. This area of vegetables, according to Mildred, we called a *truck*[90] garden. Of course this garden had to be hoed a few times. Everyone had to take their stint when needed and sometimes the weeds were outgrowing the vegetables. This made the hoeing task onerous and could be the source of the phrase "*a tough row to hoe*" in use today.

All of this planting was done by hand. Dad, who liked me to help, taught me how to plant tomato plants- make the hole in the fine soil, pour water in, let it be absorbed, fill again with water, place the plant in the hole, cover well with soil, press down. The press down was often done with the foot. Dad said a large foot was best---I qualified.

Summer There was hay to be cut, raked[91] with the implement called a hay rake brought into the farmyard and put in the haymow. I would watch as it was carried by a hay fork on a pulley led by a man holding the reins of a single horse, (*horse power*[92]) into the barn. It's easy to have a nostalgic attack whenever I recall the sweet grassy smell of newly mown hay

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89 Webster: *Furrow*" 1." A narrow grove made in the ground, especially by a plow". 4. " to make groves in the face; to *furrow* one's brow.

90 Webster says a *truck* garden is vegetables raised for the market. We didn't sell them, but called it a truck garden.

91 Webster#1 *rake*:"An agricultural implement with teeth or tines for gathering cut grass, hay etc," #6. " To gather or collect abundantly" example: " He marketed his invention and has been *raking* money ever since."

92 Webster, *horse-power:* "a foot- pound- second unit of power,-- equivalent to 550 foot pounds per second."

which permeated our whole barnyard. *" Make hay while the sun shines"* ? Again, the farmer's boss was the weather. One wouldn't put wet hay in the haymow, so this saying translates "work when the opportunity is present, don't put it off."

"Mom, the Threshers are Coming" [93] By far, the most exciting event of summer was the threshing of the wheat. Before this happened, the wheat was cut with a reaper and put into sheaves. About twelve or fourteen sheaves went into a shock. The top layer of the shock would be spread out to protect the rest from being too soaked by rain. They looked like little golden tepees scattered over the fields.

Finally, sometime in July, I would be thrilled to see that cumbersome steam powered threshing machine come back our long lane, ever so slowly, making those unusual noises of hissing, belching and chugging. I knew one or two action packed days were ahead with much coming and going.

The driver/operator parked this large machine in the best place in the barnyard for the *threshing* process i.e. to separate the wheat from the chaff,[94] Dad belonged to what was called a *ring* [95] of wheat farmers. They shared all this work during a rather brief hectic season when the wheat was ripe and a beautiful deep golden color. The phrase "amber waves of grain" in the song America the Beautiful.is descriptive of this scene.

At dawn on threshing day, the "ring" farmers and their hands in their wagons, pulled by teams of horse, arrived drove through the barnyard out into the fields. The men picked up those sheaves of wheat with pitchforks, threw them into the wagons, drove the loads to the threshing machine, then still using a pitchfork tossed the sheaves into the header of the machine. The grains went into a hopper, a measuring device or counter[96] of the bushels, which emptied after it contained a bushel and sent the wheat grains into the grain wagon, which

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93 There are now demonstrations of the threshing activity. In Door Co., WI in 1996, saw a news item on a "Thresheree" and same year in Xenia OH at" Old Timer's Days." Similar reenactments of threshing are taking place for the fascination and also to keep alive the training of the threshers of the 21st century.

94 These words have become a common saying concerning true from untrue or important from unimportant.

95 All the farmers on the Ridge who grew and wanted to thresh their wheat belonged, One year the process started at the south end of the farms, the north the next. The threshing machine came to our house when we were the next farm and our turn.

96 This kept a record of bushels threshed, for which the thresher was paid per bushel, so that farmer knew the value of his wheat crop. This information came from Richard and Warren Sheehan. As young boys they went with their father Walter, who owned a threshing machine, and did custom threshing for many years in Warren County, OH. Richard and Warren reminded me there had to be water boys for the men and that's what they did, as well as actually living the threshing excitement.

was eventually drawn by a horse team to the bins or grainery of the barn. The straw went behind the barn, which after load by load, made a huge straw stack. The children had visions of surreptitiously sliding down that magnificent "mountain" in the future, on a more quiet day.

The day before, there was food to be prepared and the beef roast was bought.and such foods as pies, applesauce, cabbage slaw and a macaroni-cheese dish were made. After the men arrived, a few housewives, Laura Dunham (David) came in her fancy two seater horse carriage and others in their ordinary buggies. Even If the farmer did own a "machine," most women didn't drive,[97] either because they just weren't adventurous or feared the difficult cranking to start the engine.

These housewives came offering their helping hands wearing their *aprons* and bringing the good dishes they had prepared. The wonderful special aroma of the large beef roast wafted throughout the house and beyond. All seemed in good spirits despite being so busy. I believe the men ate in two shifts and of course the women and any children after that. *"Cooking for threshers"* or "*He eats like a thresher*" often has been said in jest by those of us familiar with the threshing scene when women cook a lot or a person, usually a man, eats a large amount. All of us from a wheat farm region know exactly what it means. After I read this to my sister she told me that once Mom had to make <u>two</u> threshing dinners because our neighbor, Elvera Beedle, had typhoid fever.[98]

When the big day was over, the bins of wheat in the barn were almost overflowing with the tan wheat. I would go there alone and nibble on the fresh tasty nutty grains. I also anticipated the remaining food, especially that beef, to be served that night.

Shortly the wheat, which was the main cash crop, went to a market. One year, part of the money Dad received he used to buy the memorable player piano. My father was not known for counting pennies or being very astute in business. Need I say farm management <u>is</u> a business?

Dad and his "hands" each day of the threshing season would reciprocate (honor bound) the labor to other farmers of the "ring" to do their threshing. Before they left in the wagon, they had arisen at early dawn, milked the cows and eaten their hearty breakfast, ---their first "square meal of the day." Towards evening (milking time), I would watch the lane from our window and be happy to finally see them coming home. Dad was always standing erect on his wagon behind his work team,[99] Dolly and Ginger, the tired hands sitting on a side. I often went outside to await and greet them and be pleased when I would hear his "*Gees and haws*,"[100] his commands to his horses.

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[97] Mildred recently informed me that she was driving and given the keys to the Dodge in 1918.

[98] The death certificate of great grandfather Thomas Gibbs Dunham states he died of typhoid fever in 1874. He lived in the same house before Elvera Beedle. A water/well problem?

[99] Warren Sheehan states thet the horses seemed to be happy to be going home, that one would expect them to be tired, but they actually would merrily gallop-- almost race the return trip.

[100] Horse commands: Gee, go right; gee up, go faster; haw, go left

Fall First of all, from my discussions with the Sheehan family, it is evident there were different ways to harvest and use the corn crop and I cannot tell you which one Dad used.

This was the time for *clearing the field* and sowing[101] the wheat crop for next years harvest. The corn which was picked manually, was used to feed the hogs, kept for seed and stored in metal corn cribs in the barnyard. When they wanted the grains of corn they used a small device called a corn sheller.

As the corn was picked, the drying gray beige colored cornstalks were cut by hand, put in shocks,[102] in much the same fashion as the wheat was in the summer. The shocks were shredded by a corn shredder, the ears of corn shucked and the ears going into a wagon also as the wheat did. The shredded stalks were called *fodder,*[103] blown into the haymow which was used for bedding and food roughage for the stock.

Sometimes the greener corn was cut in early September and put into the silo[104] where it fermented into *ensilage* and used to feed the livestock.

I am not sure if a corn shredder was used during my years. Mildred says "yes". It seems I would remember another large piece of machinery coming into our yard. If there were no shredder, the corn was picked and *shucked*[105] by hand. The corn stalks were either shocked and taken into the barn for fodder or left standing to naturally decompose. If it was put into shocks the farmer probably took his *drill*[106] and horse team to plant the seeds for next year's wheat, carrying out the crop rotation rule. It was planted around the corn shocks. Either in fall or winter, the corn for seed and some livestock feeding was shelled by hand in the barn or if severe weather, in the house.

When frost was predicted, all the corn tomatoes, potatoes, squash, beans, carrots, parsnips, etc. were picked or dug and brought into the house for immediate consumption, canning or stored in the cellar. The men sometimes helped with the last of the garden canning and pickling from the surplus of vegetables such as tomatoes, beans, cucumbers and fruit from

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101 "We reap what we sow," a saying of country origin.

102 Aunt Adelaide returned from a church meeting one afternoon and found her husband, our beloved Uncle Tom, had had a fatal heart attack beside the corn shocks he was making.

103 Fodder:-Webster: #1. " coarse food for livestock, composed of entire plants including leaves, stalks and grain of such forages as corn and sorghum #2. People considered as readily available and of little value such as *cannon fodder."*

104 Dad had the silo built and paid for it. When his father John died, his widow Letitia (Dad's mother) paid Dad $200 for the silo.

105 Webster: 1. shuck, outer covering of corn, hickory nuts, clams, oysters# 2. Informal shucks "They don't care shucks" #3. To remove the shucks from, "to shuck corn" #4. Mild exclamation of disgust "Oh shucks"

106 Webster: drill #1." a small furrow made in the soil in which to sow seed. #2.a machine for sowing in rows and covering the seeds.

the orchard.

The fallen limbs from the woods were brought into the barnyard for chopping into the winter's firewood supply.

No doubt, there were preparations to improve the long lane before the rainy, muddy and the icy winter season ahead. They also had to think about the laying in of food staples, household supplies, coal and items related to the care of the animals.

Making hay- hay wagons.

Wheat reaper activity

Charles Raymond photo

Old-time farm equipment is the major attraction at the Northern Illinois Steam Power Club's 24th annual threshing bee

Threshing

Of all the demonstrations performed at the Old Timer's Festival the threshing of grain is probably the most fascinating. First of all this is a large piece of equipment, the many belts going around the various size pulley's leads ones mind to wonder how this was ever accomplished with the limited technology that was available 80 to 100 years ago. As the bundles of grain go into the feeder of the machine until the time the straw comes out the blower pipe about 30 seconds has elapsed. During this short period of time the band cutters cut the bundle twine, it then enters the cylinder where the grain is stripped from the straw, at this point much of the grain falls thru the grates that is below and behind the cylinder, then the chaff and straw pass over the straw walkers which shakes the remaining grain out of the straw, which fall into the blower fan and is blown onto the straw pile. Now we must go back to the grain from the grates under and behind the cylinder it falls to the grain pan which is located on the bottom of the machine and runs the length of the machine, the grain from the straw shaker falls thru to the grain pan which delivers it to the cleaning mechanism, first over adjustable sieves, then onto the screens. Here is where a blast of air from a large fan is directed under the screens and sieves to clean the remaining chaff and foreign matter from the grain which at this time falls into an auger that takes it to an elevator, to the weigher which weighs it into 1/2 bushel lots, then trips, delivering the clean grain to a wagon or grain truck. As you can imagine this is a very complicated machine actually performing six operations they are:

(1) The threshing cylinder
(2) To thresh the grain out of the head
(3) Separate the grain from the straw.
(4) Clean the grain and deliver it to the weigher.
(5) Weigh and record correctly the amount of grain threshed.
(6) Deliver the straw and chaff to the straw stack.

The machine we will be using for this demonstration is a Rumley all steel machine the size being a 28-46. This means it has a cylinder width of 28" and the width of the rear of the machine is 46" wide. This excellent machine was donated to the Old Timer's Club by the Hussey Family of Bowersville, Ohio. The Club wishes to express our sincere and humble thanks to them for their generosity.

My purpose in writing this being, to explain the function of this large complicated machine so as you watch this operation you will have a better understanding of the various functions taking place. This size of machine will thresh 125-150 bushel per hour and weighs 8400 pounds. For the younger generation, please come and see this group put on a very good demonstration, to the older generation come and relive past memories of an era that is gone forever.

Thank You For Your Time

1920 SCHOOL DAYS IN THE ONE ROOM SCHOOL

This one room white painted brick school, built in 1865 was the hub of our Ridge community and educated my father, Mildred and me. Both my grandfather John Dunham (1841-1913) and his son, my father Raymond (1879-1948), had been school board members. I have and treasure a copy of a sepia toned Ridge school picture ca 1885 of my father and his older brother Seldon among the other children of the period. My grandmother's sister Kitty Jameson taught school here in the 1870s.

Some memory flashes:
The utter joy of starting school
The September bloom along our lane: goldenrod, thistle and milkweed
The smells of new books, chalk, pickled peppers, concord grapes
Playmates for the first time
Kudos to all the Teachers
Mother plus Ridge School, a Head Start?

Pre School, Headstart and Overview of Six Years at Ridge school There was no nursey school nor kindergarten. "When can I go to school,"? I pestered my mother for a couple of years. Mildred was always in school, a known excellent student (magna cum laude honors from H.S.), and seemed to think it a good life. My vague memory of her High School years is a mental picture of her wearing *middy blouses.*[107] Then she was in Normal[108] School, got her first experience teaching in a one room school and later the Xenia schools. She brought home books, tests, even the new Stanford- Binet IQ tests and intriguing teaching materials. There were reasons Mother decided to wait until I was six and a half before I would start school. First, she was protective, considered me frail and said our lane was so long for me to walk. Against Mildred's advice, Mom embarked on her and my Home Schooling project. She taught me to read and do arithmetic including mutiplying by two numbers. In the back of my mind, school was surely just a dream and perhaps it might never be a reality in my life!

Starting School and Illness The day finally did arrive. The sun shone brightly that September day and I saw the wild growth along our lane as never before. All senses were

[107]Webster: *middy blouse*" any of various loose blouses with a sailor collar, often extending below the waistline to terminate in a wide band or fold, worn by sailors, young girls and children. Mildred is not sure if she had more than one, says most girls had several.

[108]Normal Schools were a one year preparatory schools for teachers. Mildred went to the one at Waynesville, OH For more information see article in Beers History of Warren Co. page 480 on National Normal Schools

sharpened. The goldenrod was so yellow, the milkweed so much fun to pick and blow the wispy satinlike bursting blossoms to the winds. The common deep purple weeds known as thistles, seemed dramatic.

It was fun to be with and make new friends, to feel, see and smell the new reader,[109] even the chalk[110] dust from the blackboards was interesting. I experienced all with every breath.

My first teacher was Mrs. Murray. She listened to me read, add, subtract and immediately placed me in the second grade. My cousin Robert Lollar and Kenneth Revenaugh, two very smart boys, were now my classmates and would give me rivalry for six years. Each grading period we were ranked and I am pretty sure I was always #3 except for once-- overall, an early humbling experience.

I was amused and surprised when introduced to James Whitcomb Riley's poem on October, which begins "When the frost is on the pumpkin and the fodder's in the shock." This was my real world and I could identify.

Unfortunately, this new joyous feeling of my first school year was short lived. I contracted a much feared disease, diphtheria and learned the meaning of a new word when the large red lettered sign QUARANTINE went over our front door. I was unable to attend school until the next January and I worried about missing so much school. Mother restarted her "home schooling" during my recovery. When I returned to school, I was still more than able to remain in second grade.

The School Day The school day started with the Pledge of Allegience and a prayer. A short songfest followed or sometimes we might have one later in the day. We were fortunate to always have a girl student who could play the organ or piano fairly well. My cousin Robert Slagle, from the city, seemed amused when I'd hum or sing songs from our school songbook such as Juanita, Santa Lucia, The Old Oaken Bucket, Old Black Joe or America He asked where I had heard them. I surmised Bob must have sung more modern music in school or at home to his mother's (Aunt Inez) wonderful piano accompaniment and was saying "How strange she is." I, however, liked our school music but guess this was an example of a country girl and a more sophisticated city boy.

Another opening practice was one a teacher who chose to read a chapter a day of a book to us. She chose Tarkington's Penrod and Sam and Prudence of the Parsonage by? I looked forward to that each day and it fostered my love for words and pleasure reading.

The pot bellied stove in the room was awesome and the blackboard was directly in front of us, with the lesson of the hour written boldly, beautifully and perfectly, but the real

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[109] I advocate new books whenever possible. It's exhilarating, and impressive to a young reader.

[110] Mother informed me she had had chalk at her desk when she attended Washington School in the 1880s. Instead of the paper tablets/pads I used, she said they did "sums" and "exercises" on their own slates with chalk.

focus in the schoolroom was the *recitation bench*. It could seat five or six students, about the maximum class size in such a school. Class by class, subject by subject, the occupants on the bench changed every ten or fifteen minutes. For instance, the first grade reading was called, then the second grade reading on through at least the sixth grade. Likewise, the teacher called, taught and assigned lessons for the successive math (then arithmetic) classes, English, other subjects for the older students, such as geography, history (not social studies), civics, hygiene and --not surprisingly, agriculture.

Beginning in the first grade, we were all exposed to these instructions and recitations. Most of us absorbed and knew the material long before we were in the group sitting on the bench. Even the slower ones learned the basics, as I cannot recall that there were any non learners in the one room school.

If I experienced any deficiency it was the lack of receiving a concept of science.[111] When I encountered General Science in Waynesville High School, I was much more bewildered by this subject than by Latin or Algebra. My brother in-law Walter was helpful with this problem. There, I've made one complaint about my one room school, although even I went on to do well in H.S and nursing sciences.

The teacher's activities didn't end with this structured outline above. She organized the older students for the flag raising and lowering; for the ringing of the large black bell on the tall post for the school hour in the morning, noon and the two recesses; the stove stoking; the cleaning of the blackboards and probably a lot more. These students were chosen for their conduct and reliability --just as duty boys and girls were honored in the days of our children. Speaking of conduct (called deportment then) there were reprimands and occasionally an oversized eighth grade boy would try to assert his will or be sassy --to act tough. Sometimes a student would be placed in a corner that some called the Dunce Corner. I have no memories of corporal punishment taking place.

Often, the teacher seeing restlessness, would cease class and have us all stand and take a break by doing some easy physical exercises with arms and jumps and deep breaths. It broke the tension and simmering discipline problems. Actually, these were mild by today's classroom atmosphere. There *was* talking out of turn, and occasionally an older boy was over the line. A nearby classmate, Leo West once got my admiring attention by lacing safety pins under his skin. Most of we students tended to sympathize with the teacher. This must have been a factor in helping our teachers keep control.

For the teacher's career, control was important because at any moment an important rather rotund man might open the door and enter the room. All of us would immediately rise and greet him in unison, "Good morning (or afternoon), Mr. Harris." The Warren County Superintendent would take a seat and observe the classses for a short time.

One finger raised by a pupil denoted a request to leave for urination; two fingers meant

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[111] You may be surprised that I had never heard of dinosaurs until I saw the great Sinclair Oil Exhibit of the huge plastic ones at the 1933 World's Fair in Chicago. The talk of the Fair!

the other need.

A Promotion: Mrs. Mamie Retallick was our seventh grade teacher and apparently impressed with the academic abilities of our trio formed back in the second grade of Robert Lollar, Kenneth Revenaugh and myself. She decided to add eighth grade arithmetic and language to our "curriculum" to prepare for the entrance exams into High School. One sunny May day in 1928, we three anxious students walked the three or more miles to and from Lebanon High School, where we took the tests. One odd memory I have of the walk to Lebanon-- Kenneth offered me Necco wafers. We all passed. However, this created a crisis of sorts in my family. I was only 12 and still considered "delicate." Mother was terminally ill, and I had no transportation to High School, they said. For these reasons, they made the decision that I should live in Waynesville with Mildred and go to school there. I did for that year,[112] but we moved (more on this later) to Kings Mills in Sept.,1929, so I graduated from there. Kings Mills High School is in close proximity to the rather well known Kings Island Resort.

Outside the School Room: We used and observed several modes of transportation besides our feet in these school years. There were a few horse and buggies, wagons, Ford Model Ts, and our Dodge car. Dad a few times treated me to a sleigh ride after a good snowfall. Residents on Ridge Road would often see a black strong pony moving along carrying at least two Corwin children. There was the motorcycle of Wilfred Squires when he came by to see our teacher and his fiancee, Eunice Hollingsworth.[113] Last and best of all, the new age airplanes which flew over the school so rarely we were permitted to go outside and see them as we heard their approach. I was not aware then that the Dayton Wright Brothers were my father's fourth cousins on his Benham[114] line. It was in my realm of knowledge at the time of the event that Charles A. Lindbergh had flown his "Spirit of St. Louis" plane alone across the Atlantic in 1927. Everyone adored this boyish, brave, handsome and modest man who caused people to become more fascinated with airplanes. Mildred was ahead of her time, she took a "flight" in a small plane in Waynesville piloted by Curt Hizey in 1921!

There were recesses twice a day and a lunch period. I am sure she had to mediate

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[112] I was away from my parents, my mother was dying. I was 12 and could not compete socially with 14 yearolds, was alright academically, but unhappy. Went home by bus weekends to Lebanon, where Dad picked me up in our Dodge. Continued to have bouts of tonsillitis and Dr. Blair advised a tonsillectomy. Midred and Walter took me in their comfortable Essex car. After surgery, I woke up and read the comic pages placed under me. I remained mute, because of pain, until Walter said my throat might freeze that way. I thought he was kidding, but started talking, just in case.

[113] Mitch and I visited Eunice in Tucson, AZ. In her eighties, she had the same giggle and enthusiasm. She had written poetry about birds, life and her faith.

[114] John Benham's father Peter had a sister Catherine Thompson who was the ancestor of the Wrights. She was one of the very first settlers in Dayton, OH--documented in Dayton history.

squabbles brought to her attention, break up an occasional fight, but she remained at her desk calm, friendly and accessible.

At recess and the remaining part of the noon hour many play activities took place in nice weather. Several happened at the same time. Some games were :

Crack the Whip
Andy Over-- Throwing a ball from one side of the schoolhouse to the other side..
Hide and Seek, the age old game
Baseball
Hoops-- a round large wheel, pushed by a pronged device, the aim - to keep it unning
Jumping Rope, which could go on the whole period with every girl taking a turn or two
Marbles for the serious competitive players
Handseat-Two older girls making a seat with their four hands for a little one and carrying her around
Farmer in the Dell- or " the farmer takes a wife"
Drop the Handkerchief, of course
Heavy Heavy Hangs Over Your Head, a guessing game
The swings
Playing House with "rooms" made of partitions of leaves in the fall and of snow in the winter
Snowmen and snow forts, making them---If there was enough snow (not often in S. Ohio) the girls would make a snowman and the boys a snow fort. Sometimes the boys made wicked"loaded (with a small stone) snowballs" to have a fight and often pelted the girls as well.
Played School, when we were out of other ideas
Teasing--When completely bereft of an idea, there was normal teasing, which could be painful.

There was a girls' outside toilet to the rear left of the school and the boys' opposite on the right. Generally the girls played on their side and the boys on theirs. An open field was close to the school building and a partially wooded area beyond.

"And what else did Our Miracle Worker do?" (You may ask)

The teachers had weekly spelling bees for the whole room and the older pupils, an occasional debate for English class. The teacher chose her honor students from the report card grades, which were given in precise numbers such as 91, 84, etc. We all were asked to remain after school for extra curricular education and fun. She might give a mini lecture on an artist or a musician. She would show us paintings of the artist from books. Afterwards, she had a boy

build a bonfire and we would enjoy a treat of roasted hot dogs and marshmallows. These were new experiences and taste treats.

And in case some of us hadn't learned our manners at home, there was the little poem in our English book that was emphasized about two keys to a kingdom "remember 'thank you' and 'if you please." Another "If at first you don't succeed, try, try, again." Also there were poems in reading and English which helped us appreciate the beauties of nature, love of God, family and country---Yes, one could call it "motherhood and apple pie."

The teachers sometimes gave us lessons learned from their personal experiences. One told us about her little baby brother who had failed to thrive on cow's milk and goat's milk was prescribed, but the father, a farmer, had no goats. A neighbor heard about the child and started providing it with the goat's milk. Her father asked about the cost and the kind man said "nothing, just pass it on"-- translated :"pass on a kindness given to you to someone else in need."

The school teachers were expected to put on two or more programs during the year. The main ones were Christmas[115] and the Last Day of School. It must have been a challenge, considering the pupils' ages ranges, the talents or lack of and their cooperation in participating. I thought it very exciting to perform in these. There were also county oratorical contests. The teacher trained and selected promising students to send from our school. A favorite author was James Whitcomb Riley. His poem which starts "Little Orphan Annie has come to our house to stay" was often chosen as a good bet each year to win a prize. Another favorite winner was Eugene's Fields' "The Gingham Dog and the Calico Cat."

The Last Day of School was an exciting and always successful event because we had a potluck or "smorgasbord" picnic on that day. The mothers and some fathers brought heavily laden baskets of picnic food. The tables were prepared by the boys and men removing the shutters from outside the windows and placing them over the lengths of the desk rows. They were a little uneven and wobbly in places, since there were small desks and large ones in the room. The women placed tablecloths and laid out their culinary contributions. Everyone selected from the "spread": fried chicken, potato salad, pickled beets, pies, cakes etc., then had to stand to eat, but all thought it festive. The room was put back in order and the Last Day of School program was given while the Ridge families enjoyed. I repeat--we always had a piano player.

Another social custom then, now a bygone one, took place at Ridge School usually after an evening program. This was known as *The Box Social.* The young single women in the community packed a special lunch for two people and put all into a box, usually a shoe box, wrapped as fancy as they were creative with crepe paper, ribbons and bows. Some willing extroverted man acted as auctioneer and the young beaus would bid against each other for his own sweetheart's box or to run up the price for the one of another's, all in friendly fashion. The men always knew what his girl's box looked like, but played the game as if he had no idea.

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[115]The songs of Christmas so joyous. Jingle Bells and the lines "Up on the housetop,click, click click (as we snapped our fingers)- down through the chimney with with Old Saint Nick." Memorable was the solo of little Lois Revenaugh in her low sweet voice singing Away in the Manger

In retrospect, I am overwhelmed with what these young teachers (always women at Ridge School) were expected to do, sometimes initiated and usually accomplished in the one room school. By today's standards they were under educated, but I witnessed a series of alert conscientious, usually young women who more than earned their small salaries. Their moral characters had to be beyond reproach. If not, the grapevine would do them in. One had grief from personally giving before an audience of parents a theatrical rather tasteless anecdote about killing a fly. Another had to keep her recent marriage a secret. That was difficult, since she roomed and boarded in the home of the president of the school board. The older Mrs. Murray and Retallick were widows and seldom were criticized.

More Comments on the One Room School There was continuing controversy ("what else is new?" dept.) among the parents about the prospect of consolidations of one room schools into larger schools. Much has been said and written about the "3 Rs,- Reading, Riting[116] and Rithmetic," with one side for status quo and the other for a more progressive approach, meaning the larger schools. I maintain we were sort of in the middle, much more than the 3 Rs, but had standards and structure. We learned our multiplication tables, memorized beautiful poems, and were taught that spelling and grammar were important. Learning and curiosity were encouraged, exemplified by the enthusiasm of our heroine up in front of the schoolroom.

When I speak of admiration for the teachers and the education I received in the one room school I am not basing my opinions on skipping grades. I have often mentioned misgivings on that, but It was occasionally done in those days. Teachers and some parents must have believed it helpful to get bright pupils out on their own earlier to earn an income. Mitchell Kartalia, my husband, also went to one room schools and finished High School in 1929, also at age 16. When the family moved to a new coal mining town in PA, he was advanced. Only the Serbian language was spoken in his home, yet he learned successfully in an one room all English language school. There must have been some good teaching, although those who know him might argue he was a quick study.

I believe we had a good elementary education, but I would not recommend a return to the one room school for all. However, I have read that the late Dr. Bruce Bettleheim of the University of Chicago praised the results of the one room school.

Mitch and I, after a discussion, believe that repetition (not held in high esteem now) was an important factor in the learning and training of our minds. It was repetition in learning the multiplication tables, the poems, the spelling words, listening to all the classes over and over again that gave us confidence. We didn't have much "show and tell" or "hands on

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[116]We were taught the Palmer method of penmanship--had structured time periods to practice writing in that one room school. I do not have a fine hand, but I do try, (when not hurrying, which admittedly *is* most ot the time) and sometimes I am satisfied. The last couple generations seem unable to produce a pretty handwriting, not having been taught.

experiences," which *are* quite instructive, but we were given a love of learning, and the discipline to study. We credit our parents and the conscientious teachers,[117] who showed us examples of brave, successful[118] heros or heroines. It seemed obvious to us that education was relevant.

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[117]Mrs. Murray, Christine Crane, Edna Stump, Ada Spencer, Eunice Hollingsworth, Mamie Retallick

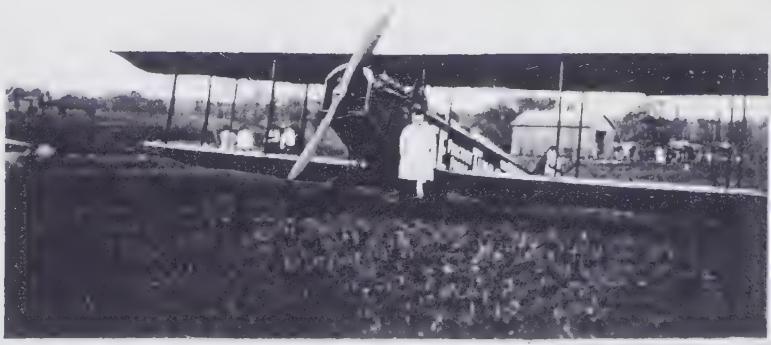
[118]We admired, hoped to perhaps achieve ourselves, had no envy or hate for wealthy or successful people. Our parents and teachers were our models for this attitude..

1 [illegible]
2. Ella Wyatt
3 Ben Wyatt
4 Frances McCurdy
5 Pearl Ferrell
6 [illegible]
7 [illegible]
8 [illegible]
9 [illegible]
10. [illegible]
11 Velma Tibbles
12 [illegible]

13 [illegible]
14 [illegible]
15 [illegible]
16 [illegible]
17 [illegible]
18 [illegible]
19 [illegible]
20 [illegible]
21 Randolph Brown
22 [illegible]
23 Nonnie Walker
24 Vernon Walker

Ridge School ca 1886
2nd from left-Seldon Dunham, far right young Raymond Dunham

Mildred ca 1917 in middy blouse



Mildred's air flight adventure, early 1920s

THE RIDGE AND BEYOND IN THE 1920S
Customs, Fun, Potpourri

General Comment This was the era of the flapper with bobbed hair, short skirts, high heels, drinking gin, the new jazz music and "doing" the new dance called the Charleston. The men, usually of college age were pictured wearing fur coats and driving tin lizzies or the fancier successors. It was noted for fast or high living, all transpiring before the Big Bust in 1929.

All this wasn't in my experience, except I do recall Mildred "shaking up" mom and dad by coming home one day with bobbed hair. Dad said "What have you done?" They probably feared that she would embrace drinking gin next! Really, it *was* rather bold. Read on.

American Heritage, August 1965 issue, page 41 pictured a young actress in 1920 getting her hair bobbed and on page 42 commented "She was accepting a fashion that two years before had been considered so radical that she would have been thrown out of the best restaurants in New York." The writer continued that moralists worried about the effect that the "free and easy" atmosphere of the masculine barber shop would have on the women. He stated that by the end of the decade, bobbed hair, usually covered by a *cloche*[119] hat, was almost universal. How true! On the wall above me, as I write, is a photograph of Mitchell Kartalia's Avella, PA 1929 graduation class visiting in Washington, DC. All ten girls are wearing the cloche hats.

The above mentioned American Heritage column entitled EMANCIPATION also commented on another picture on the oposite page. "It was 1922 and the four girls at right were being arrested by policewomen on a Chicago beach, charged with offending public decency by wearing one piece bathing suits. A year later no fashion conscious daughter would have gone near the water in anything else. Skirts were on the way up, corsets were off and --most shocking of all, rouge[120] and lipstick were becoming respectable."

Aunt Emma from Minnesota visited us. One day after dinner (noon meal), a discussion on the modern life inspired her to rise and do the Charleston in the center of our parlor. Knowing Aunt Emma[121] and remembering her twinkling eyes, I am sure she enjoyed their expressons of amazement seeing her lack of inhibition and being "with it- the 1920s."

The cost of a postage stamp to mail a letter was 2 cents, a loaf of bread 10 cents and the average price of a house less than $5000. Our life in the 1920s was pretty much the same as farmers had been living since 1900. However, exciting inventors/entrepreneurs such as Henry Ford, Thomas Edison and Alexander Bell were causing changing the lives of my parents.

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[119] Webster:" A bell shaped close fitting hat for women".

[120] Perhaps this explains mother's reaction when I found her rouge in the chest of drawers.

[121] Married in her thirties, no children, was a *milliner* (maker or trimmer of hats) and at times was difficult--according to my Dad. His epithet for me was to call me"Aunt Emma".

The following subjects are mentioned and discussed to let you know more on what was happening beyond farm work and the three square meals a day.

Birthdays They were not celebrated in a big way, but I do remember one. I was still at home, not in school and not very happy about it. I was so delighted and surprised when on Jan.12, 1922, my sixth birthday, my Dad came home in his Dodge with six young children who had been given special permission to come to my birthday celebration. No details are recalled, nor of anyone else's birthday.

Holidays Valentine's Day We exchanged valentines at school. We dropped them with anticipation in a Valentine Box, and they would be distributed later in the day. The girls would then often brag about how many they received--- from the potential of twenty pupils !

Easter:[122] Mom boiled eggs and colored them with no dyes such as we have now. She picked the young grass from that grassy corridor and boiled it to extract the green color and then put the eggs in it. They came out a light green. Beet juice from pickled beets was used to color them red and carrots, if available to get yellow and orange.

Decoration Day now Memorial Day This day and Mother's best bloom happily coincided. Dad never failed to take us to the Lebanon cemetery in our 1918 Dodge touring car. We snipped large bouquets from the old fashioned cabbage rose bush which cascaded with pink multi petaled highly fragrant roses. We also took huge branches of mock orange, the blue irises (we called flags) and -- the prized peonies or "pinies" (pronounced first i long). Dad would say " Mom (Letitia) always liked pinies." Some white, others pink, we placed them in glass jars with water to keep them fresh and packed the Dodge. We drove to the Lebanon Cemetery, and decorated the graves of Letitia and John Dunham, also Dad's brothers Burns and Seldon. If enough flowers, a few were placed on the Jameson and Benham relatives, but we saved some to put on the graves of Mom's parents, John and Emma Slagle in the South Lebanon Cemetery.

Fourth of July Dad had a playful quality at times. Early on the Fourth he often awoke me by shooting a couple firecrackers under my window. I'd look out the window down at him and he would just smile. Sometimes Dad bought sparklers, light them for me and I felt I was really celebrating. At night we drove to Lebanon's Harmon Park, sat on blankets (yes, just as we do all over the country today) await darkness, and see a wonderul fireworks display. The last spectacle was always "Niagara Falls" or the American Flag.

Halloween No memories, perhaps decorations at school, but have no vivid recall, of parties etc.

Thanksgiving I was imbued with the historical lore about our forefathers and had passion for this holiday, but only remember the time we entertained the Collett relatives from Dayton, mentioned before.

Christmas I wrote of the small tree Dad usually brought from the woods. We decorated it with paper circles, popcorn or other homemade baubles. Mother hung red cutout

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[122] Raymond could always tell you the date when Easter would be; he rapidly gave a sequence of several events which included the term" spring equinox." He was also sharp in numbers doing "mental arithmetic."

designed Christmas bells at most all of the windows. These folded for packing away for the next year. A stocking was hung, a note written to Santa Claus asking him to take from the container on the table an apple or carrots, for him and his reindeer. The anticipation was so intense, I could not get to sleep and awoke way too early for my parents. Our children and grandchildren have been much more patient. Continuing, the stocking had some small trinket, a tangerine, little hard candies that had pretty floral picture centers, and usually a peppermint cane. My wrapped packages often contained long underwear or other warm clothing, a book and occasionally, a game. The nicest doll I ever had closed her eyes, walked, said "Mama,." and was sent me from Aunt Emma of Minnesota.

New Years Not celebrated by our family, as I recall

Some Pastimes at Home The games played by our family were Euchre, Hearts, Old Maid, Flinch, Checkers, and Parcheesi. Mildred brought home the newest popular game-Mah Jong. It came in a pretty Chinese box and was played with beautiful tiles.

A stereoptiscope, always in sight on a table in our parlor, was of great fascination to me. I will defer to Webster to best describe it "an optical instrument through which two pictures of the same object, taken from slightly different points of view are viewed, one from each eye, producing the effect of a single picture of the object, with the appearance of depth or relief." We had a shoe box filled with these double pictures. The pictures were placed in prongs at the end of the projector. One looked through eyeglasses, much as using binoculars. The pictures were of such items as peony flowers, in color and so real they almost could wave in a breeze, some of crowds of people doing interesting stunts, animals and some of spectacular scenery.

There was one or more scrapbooks of old fashioned Valentines and another album of a postcard collection.

Some Simple Childhood Fun *"Going barefoot"* was the long anticipated event of Spring.-- a big deal! The girls vied to be the first to say they had done this. It was fun and sensual to feel the dust and mud beneath the feet and to have a feeling of freedom from the restrictive long underwear, stockings and shoes of winter. Making soap bubbles was a nice diversion. Soapsuds with glycerin added was made in a large basin and if there were no straws, I would use a piece of macaroni (useful until it swelled and softened) or a dandelion stem and I would blow until it became a huge convex mound with ever growing large bubbles on top and a myriad beneath. The song "I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles--pretty bubbles in the air" was popular and since I had played that song *roll* for our player piano, this was an especially happy thing to do. When dandelions were prolific in the spring, I put pieces of the stems in the soapsuds and watched them make pretty curls.

As I walked in the fields I would pluck a certain grass and be able to make a whistle with blowing through it. Sometimes I would suck or taste the sweetness at the base of such

stalks, a habit possibly dangerous, I know. Occasionally friends visited, the most frequent was an older girl, black haired Jane Knapp, who came on horseback. She had the image of friendliness and of being " the girl next door," which she was. One day, out in the field with another young girl friend, I decided to emulate Jane and briskly mounted, (or tried to) Babe, our white horse bareback. She threw me, grazing the calf of my leg as she trotted away, most likely in a huff. A few times several of us went to a swimming hole back on the farm. Being lonely, I had imaginary friends called Martha and Frank who "lived" at certain points in the lane.

I enjoyed surveying the scenes of the chickens, awaiting the *hatching,* the *gathering* of the fresh eggs and meandering on across the barnyard to observe the little piglets and any calves recently born. I also was fascinated by the growing garden plants. I did keep good tabs on my "universe".

I liked, as most children do, to swing. I often would jump off the swing, run into the house for a snack, usually soda crackers, and carry them back to munch aas I continued the age old childhood pleasure that R.L. Stevenson penned : "How do you like to go up in a swing, up in the sky so blue?"

Warren County Fair No doubt our fair was similar to all county fairs, but it was a very important happening for us children and many adults. Except for a rare trip to Cincinnati's Coney Island, the fair was the only place for the "rides." I always liked the ferris wheel and merry go round, but never refused the others. There were the fat groomed, sleek farm animals of all breeds. The women exhibited their finest canned fruits, preserves, jellies, vegetables, pickles, etc. to compete for prizes or blue ribbons. Likewise, there was a needlework booth of beautiful quilts, embroidery, crochet work, and other forms of their sewing arts. When they had time to create these, I can't imagine. There were harness races and side shows or freak shows where they displayed the tatooed, the fat, the skinny and other unfortunate persons.

At the fair were booths that sold the poular pink cotton candy, but the high of my childhood's sweet tooth was what we called *ice cream candy.* It was a bar of taffy, heavily vanilla flavored, about 2 by 5 inches and snow white. Mother or Dad would quietly buy many bars and secrete them. Later, I'd find a half bar or less in my lunch at school. Since they were so carefully doled out, I noticed the evolution of this taffy treat from the chewy stage to firm or brittle and lastly soft and sugary. I never found the hiding place. There were years when I wasn't allowed to go to this event because of the dreaded polio disease being anywhere near our county fair in Lebanon and sometimes officials proclaimed it an epidemic.

Island Queen to Coney Island, Ohio River The Island Queen, a five decker sidewheeler riverboat took passengers from Cincinnati to an amusement park named after the famous Coney Island in New York in the years 1925-1947. Coney Island, located ten miles East

of Cincinnati began in the 1880s by James H Parker who rented his apple orchard to picnickers and in 1885 investors purchased his farm, named it Ohio Grove, the Coney Island of the West.[123] They founded the amusement park that remained the largest in S. Western Ohio until Kings' Island opened in 1972. This is my old territory where I graduated from Kings Mills High School in 1932 and worked at the Peter's Cartridge Company for two years after that to save money[124] to enter The School of Nursing and Health in Cincinnati.

For our adventure on the Island Queen, Mom would pack a picnic basket and we rode in the Dodge touring car to the parking lot to get on the boat. I have a photo of Mom (so very thin, it must have been very near the onset of her illness) cousins Katherine and Robert Lollar, their mother, Ruby, Aunt Adelaide and myself at about four years. Everyone was dressd up since the only casual clothes then were the men's work denims or "overalls" and the women's calico house dresses. One didn't go on such a special excursion in those everyday clothes so what else? They wore their "*Sunday Dress/ Sunday Best/Go to Meeting*" attire.

Family Reunions The Slagle and Jameson families had reunions. My best memories are of the Slagle ones. I remember they seemed especially happy occasions and it was obvious that the Slagles enjoyed each other. There was one at William Slagle's in Madeira, the area now in lovely Indian Hill. There were a couple at the Colletts in Dayton and we missed one as I wrote earlier, because Mother said she couldn't buy me new shoes. I think the reunions ceased during Mother's illness. The Slagle sisters and their sisters-in- law wore white fancy dresses of voile or organdy, ruffled and rather long. A lingering memory of our drive to Dayton reunions is that Dad stopped in the drugstore to buy cigars and contentedly smoked away as he drove. Years later I realized cigar aroma evoked pleasant memories to me. We have photos of these Slagle reunions which I believe Dad took, because he was an early camera enthusiast and developed his own pictures. I have many of them, including my baby photos. The Jameson large family had professional photographs made of at least two reunions. A reunion photograph I cherish is the one John and Letitia Dunham are included of about the year 1911/12.

Belling*, also called *Shivaree Mildred and Walter returned (via their Ford coupe) from their honeymoon in Chicago and visits to relatives. In a day or so in the late evening (sometimes the families would be in bed) there was a ruckus of bell ringing, loud banging of kitchen pots, laughing and yelling out in our yard. My family, probably in on this event, let them carry on for a few minutes- to have their fun and then opened the doors for all to join in light refreshments and comaraderie. Haven't heard of this custom since I left the farm in 1929.

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[123] Cincinnati, the Queen City, by Cincinnati Historical Society, page, p. 131

[124] At first I was paid 18 cents an hour. After FDR's program (NRA), I got raised to 33 cents. That didn't make me a Democrat. Dad, (as almost all farmers) had been Republican and remained so after leaving the farm. Most of us matter of factly said that we didn't know any Democrats.

John Jameson Home ca 1912/!3
Letitia Dunham in black, Harry Lollar, tall youth in back
Ethel Dunham, back row second from right end
Raymond Dunham, beside Ethel on left
John Jameson-- white beard and black coat
Mildred Dunham, in front row center right in sailor dress

Saturday Night: Baths, Shopping, Movies The night of baths, clean clothes and going to Lebanon. The water was either heated in a wash boiler on top of the kitchen stove or perhaps would be taken from the Majestic's reservoir. Then the water was dipped into a galvanized tub placed on the kitchen floor. Mother would prepare the bath waters, lay out the soap, washcloths, towels and clean clothes. This was cozy in the winter months and rather steamy in summer when sometimes they did carry the water upstairs to bathe, but the kitchen was more convenient.

On Saturday nights, in nice weather, the farm people drove to Lebanon for groceries at Warwicks or Tibbals, hardware at Lingo's, perhaps shoes, school supplies and clothing at Kaufmans or Hymans, and drugstore items at The Rexall store where Dad's cousin Clarence Jameson was a druggist. They would see friends, neighbors and relatives all doing their errands and just as people today, they might stop to chat in a store, out in the street or a busy corner. Sometimes, the Saturday night folks would go into the pleasant ice cream parlor with the fancy chairs to splurge on a sundae or an ice cream soda. Tuitti Fruitti sodas were a new treat. And then there were movies !

The Lebanon Opera House on the corner of Broadway and Main had the latest silent movies (before that called *flickers)*so many chose this pleasure for Saturday night.

Mildred told me about an incident before movies, when the nickelodeon[125] or "flickers" were still a new exciting pleasure. Mom, Dad and Mildred went to the show and really enjoyed it. Our parents warned Mildred not to speak about this little excursion in front of the Dunham grandparents, because this new fangled pleasure was against their *"hard shell"* Baptist religion. The next day at dinner Mildred was reminded of something about the show and had barely opened her mouth to speak, when she was stunned by receiving two kicks under the table.

Mother must have liked the movies. She said Mildred reminded her of Mary Pickford who was known as America's sweetheart. I didn't fare quite as well. She said my expressive brown eyes were similar to Jackie Coogan's, a popular boy child actor of the time.

I recall seeing Perils of Pauline with the family and dreamed of those fast turning railroad wheels for years, with Pauline stretched out helpless across the track. I became completely frightened of train crossings. We saw the popuar Way Down East. There was Harold Lloyd,[126] who also lived dangerously, but his shows were always done more as a comedy. In Safety Last he was holding, clinging for dear life to the hands of one of those large department store clocks on the outside of the building. Rudolph Valentino, who played in The Sheik and The Son of the Sheik was called the "matinee idol." His early death caused hysterical mourning in 1926. There were 40,000 women mourners on the street in New York City. The bonus to the silent movies was that all the time the music played, the piano accompaniment.

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[125] Nickelodeon-Was a place of amusement where for a nickel one could see a film or a variety show.

[126] Went to Dayton with Mildred and Walter a couple of times to help peddle sweet corn door to door for the good price of $.25 a dozen. It could have been it was on such a trip we saw this Harold Lloyd film.

I was in High School in Kings Mills by the early 1930s before "Talkies" arrived.[127] Dad and I often went to the movies at the same Opera House in Lebanon. I believe I saw the first one which was the Al Jolson movie and remember the song "Mammy." The first "talking movie" that really "sent" me for a long while was Janet Gaynor in Sunnyside Up. We teenage girls[128] all went around singing the lines:" Keep your Sunny Side UP- UP-- If you have nine sons in a row, baseball teams make money, you know." It was one of those ditties that wouldn't leave our heads, part of the miracle of "talkies" in movie lovers' lives. Also, Dad enjoyed and took me to the Mae West ("Come up and see me sometime") movies

Educational Tours The Lollars took me with them on Farm Bureau Tours to Dayton to see the Wonder Bread factory and McCall' s Publishing and Pattern Factory. I was really impressed by the production line of all that bread rolling along mixing, kneading, growing, baking, wrapping and all the while emitting wonderfully pleasing aromas.

Chautauqua My sister Mildred keeps appearing in this chapter. Mildred met her future husband Walter Sheehan at the Chautauqua Camp Grounds in Franklin, Ohio. She attended this event in the early 1920s, invited by Rea Stacy, her best *Normal* School friend, who was dating Walter's brother, Dearth Sheehan. The Sheehan family was camping in a tent on the grounds there as were Mildred, Rea, her sister Cleo and their friends Eva Irons and Leona McGinnis. Mom, Dad and I went one Sunday in the early 1920s to visit Mildred and friends. We walked to the main building of the Chautauqua events and heard Swiss yodelers and a popular evangelist preacher, Billy Sunday.[129]

What *was* Chautauqua? I refer you to Encyclopedia Britannica, Vol.14, page 460 for a very interesting description of this movement, first called Lyceums, founded by Josiah Holbrook, 1826 in Millbury, MA. They multiplied in New England, New York and the Middle West. Some speakers addressing the groups were Emerson, Thoreau and Daniel Webster. After the Civil War, a parallel movement started at Fair Point, Chautauqua Lake, N.Y. At first, this was entirely religious, preparing church teachers to advance their education. It was annual and the place was called Chautauqua after 1876. Then there was directed home reading and correspondence. William Rainey Harper became Education director and later Harper was President of University of Chicago. Our local Harper Community College in Palatine, Illinois is also named after him.

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[127] Before the movie, a news reel (Pathe) was presented. Aunt Adelaide thought this the best part of the movie. She said this when a neighbo hadr explained they didn't go until after the news was all over.

[128] This the era of th use of the adjective"swell," much later in my adult middleaged years the word "neat" was used, then "cool" or "dig that." More recently the word "awesome."

[129] Encyclopedia Britannica, V.21, p. 566-William Ashley Sunday 1865- 1935, conducted 300 revivals, preached to 100,000,000, 1,000,000 converted, played prominent role in prohibition movement. William Jennings Bryan and Dusty Miller were speakers at Chautauquas.

In 1900 in Chautauqua, N.Y., there was a school of Theology, where William Jennings Bryant went year after year to deliver his "Cross of Gold" speech. By this time, there was a settlement of tents, hotels and permanent homes. Dramatic performances were frowned upon, but Shakespeare plays were performed in 1914. Many Chautauquas were formed throughout the United States patterned after the original. The peak year, 1924, the traveling Chautauquas visited 10,000 communities and was attended by forty million persons. After this it declined until in 1932, less than 300 U.S. communities were visited by them. Many reasons given for this: the movies, radio, and auto transportation which took people further away, also the new service clubs consumed their time and interest.

The Traction Car Could be described as a small streetcar or perhaps similar to the old cartoons/comic strip Toonerville Trolley? This car went right past our lane, headed for S. Lebanon, Mason and eventually the center of our big city, Cincinnati. Then it returned toward Lebanon. There were many stops- once it stopped at our lane, but later a short distance away at the Beedle farm. I can't recall riding on it, but I am sure I did. It was discontinued about 1924.

The traction car was a great convenience for the isolated farmers on Ridge Road. Someone on board picked up the milk at the end of our lane and took it to the creamery. My grandmother Letitia came from Lebanon on it, walked back our lane into our yard and I am told would greet me as "My Little Sunshine." Aunt Mollie, arriving from Dayton, rode the traction from Lebanon to our lane and came loaded-- with goodies and-- advice. Mildred rode it to and from High School all four years. The Lebanon residents and all the people along the route (as we) were able to go to Cincinnati to shop, visit or-- perhaps play the commodities as Grandpa Dunham is said to have done. If it had continued running, I would have probably gone to Lebanon, not Waynesville High School my Freshman year. Without it, the students had to walk the three or four miles to Lebanon High School, unless they had a ride.

Travel I used to hear about some of our neighbors traveling "out West." The David Dunhams went by train, but I think the family of our mail carrier, the Revenaughs drove their car. I am awed when I think of the road conditions and scarcity of accomodations of that time. My lingering impression is that there was enthusiasm and interest in their world beyond The Ridge-- be it travel, newspapers or the looming new marvel, radio. Aunties Adelaide and Emma went to Spokane, WA after the birth of their nephew Robert Slagle and later his sister Margery. I remarked to Mildred that probably our parents had never been out of Ohio. "No," she said "Before you were born, I went on a train with Mom and Dad to Chicago to see Uncle Burns Dunham who was tending bar in a hotel on Cottage Grove Avenue. We even took a boat trip on Lake Michigan." She explained that Uncle Burns' work was anathema to the strict Baptist John Dunhams. This may be why I had never heard of this excursion.

And my travels? In those years I traveled as far north as Dayton and south to Cincinnati. Any car trip[130] was always a big event.

The Cincinnati-Lebanon Traction Line car is shown near the old Dunham, then Baily farm, now the site of Wal-Mart plaza.
(Contributed Photo)

Traction car-milk cans inside door

The Telephone The telephone, one of those large wooden antiques, seen now only in museums, hung on the wall in the dining room. It was apparently in our home years before my birth, since Mildred says she cannot remember not having one. It was a convenience, a luxury, a pleasure, but not yet considered a necessity by many. During the Great Depression, a few years later, my cousin Tom Scott worked for the Western Electric Company. Tom reported that the telephone was the first modern convenience that people cut from their budget.

Everyone then was on a *party line* of usually three or four homes. There were current jokes about hearing conversations on the party line. To call, one had to speak always to an operator, who often remained on the line and was accused along with others, of encouraging the rumor grapevine.

I spoke to sister Mildred about her early memories of the telephone. As usual, she had a story. She said that she was sitting on an old rocking chair listening to the telephone, unbeknownst to Mom, when her chair crashed and made a great noise. Obviously embarassed, Mom came to rescue her and to quickly replace the phone receiver. Mildred had heard one of the women asking the other "What was that, did something break in your house?" and the other said "Why no, I thought something did in yours." After Mildred recalled this, she said "I must have been a little devil."[131] Neither Mildred nor I remember chatting with friends for fun. I remember one call from a neighbor "What are you doing?" My answer, "Nothing." I had good practice improving a speech defect in answering calls from concerned friends and relatives when Mother was ill.

Newspapers and Magazines They have always been part of my life. Their value for keeping one on top of what's new and the pleasure contained kept growing. In High School our Superintendent Judson Sprinkle emphasized what a bargain the daily paper was, that we should continue our education with buying and reading it. I believe the daily paper was important to Dad, since he usually found the time to walk out the long lane and back to get the paper and scan the latest news.

I realized, when I was ten or eleven years, the recreational aspects of newspapers. First, of course the comics, The Gumps, when Andy would say "Oh Min!" or " and another thing," Gasoline Alley, (so exciting when Phyllis was soon to deliver her baby, Skeezixs' brother Corky. Blondie, her husband Dagwood was always constructing his late night ever so

[130]1930-32 Dad owned a Chevrolet coupe with a *rumble seat.* He let us use his car for my first trip out of Ohio.-- Mary Fox, Hope, Fern and Gordon Wyles, Virginia Hardin (of Waynesville) and I crossed the Ohio River drove to KY. We visited Hope's gracious KY relatives, the Bluegrass Region, and Calumet Farm where an acquaintance worked and where we saw the famous race horse Man O War.

[131]Not just her. I remember having a tantrum when Mom and Mildred left me at Aunt Adelaide's when they went someplace. I wanted to go with them and kicked Aunt Adelaide's screen door out. Mildred sometimes protested and accused Mom of really relaxing her parenting discipline since her (Mildred's) childhood misdemeanors.

high sandwiches, later popularized as Dagwoods. Barney Google, even a song about him "with your goog goog googledy eyes." All were fascinating to follow..

I became thrilled, reading along with Mother, the printed daily serial novels, a chapter a day by authors such as Kathleen Norris and Edna Ferber. The poems of the popular Edgar A Guest were also printed which Mom clipped and saved. The most memorable line "It takes a heap of livin' to call a house a home."

Best of all was the Saturday edition which had a section for the young people. There apparently were two club names and I do not know if they were related. One was the Sunshine Club which printed letters, poems and stories written by the young people. There was a list of those wishing to correspond. I selected and wrote to a Bessie Clift from Ironton, Ohio. She had perfect school teacher handwriting and wrote nice long letters. On back of her envelope were the initials : WWL,SWAK, GBTO TOT. Translation? -- "Written with love, sealed with a kiss, God bless the one, that opens this." I thought it so wonderful to get my own mail from such a pleasant and intelligent person.

The other club name was "Seckatary Hawkins Club". I submitted three stories and each time won one of Seckatary Hawkins (Robert F Schulkers) books of Hawkins' boyhood mysteries: Knights of the Square Table, The Gray Ghost, and Ching Toy. I have no idea what I wrote since I kept no copy. An article printed recently in Cincinnati about the Seckatary Hawkins mystique said "only the best writers won." That gave me a momentary glow. I enjoyed the books, but much to my surprise our children thought they were very good-- thrilling, gave them chills and creeps, they said. A couple of them vied for the books as adults, so Mitch and I started buying them when we learned they were sometimes available from the Ohio Book Company in Cincinnati. The owner told me he has a list of nearly one hundred people who wish to be called when he locates any of these from estate sales, etc. These books command a good price and not that plentiful. It seems the oldtimers' children and grandchildren of the original Seckatary Hawkins readers, are now avid collectors.

The weekly Western Star, published in Lebanon began in 1806 by a young lawyer, John McLean. Beers History of Warren County states that McLean and most editors then thought it more important to print the intelligence from Europe, which was already six weeks old, and local home news was beneath the editors' dignity.[132] (Beers also recorded that from 1816-1826 my ancestor John Eddy was one of the men listed as connected to the Western Star). Later, the various towns had correspondents who wrote columns that were interesting and gave recognition to their citizens for various activities and achievements. I have the clipping of my parents' Flinch party they hosted before my birth and of my grandfather John Dunham's $5 a round trip to Chicago to the *Fat Stock Show* on 11, Nov., 1886. There are the precious obituaries of all four grandparents. This newspaper has won many journalism awards and has served as a bond for Warren County. By the 1920s the Western Star was publishing local news to the extent that its' readers generally knew when, where and who had entertained whom.

Magazines: We probably subscribed to Woman's Home Companion and I believe at some

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[132] No wonder no printedl news of my pioneerancestors in those early 1800 days has been found.

time Collier's. The Lollars took The National Pathfinder, a weekly news magazines, sort of a forerunner to the present weekly magazines, When my classmate cousin Robert Lollar answered so many questions on current events such as being able to name the President's cabinet, I realized he probably learned it from this magazine and I was envious.

Aunt Mollie's husband, Uncle John Collett, counseled me when I didn't understand the physical part of Geography. For example, the concept of a *delta* eluded me and I didn't understand topographic maps either, having always lived out of sight of any mountains and large rivers. I was starting to think geography was not only difficult, but pretty boring. Uncle John introduced me to the wonderful world of National Geographic Magazine and inspired me to study my geography. Excuse this digression on my uncle, a city man, who hated our terrible lane, the flies and mosquitoes but being nice, came with Aunt Mollie anyway.

Books, at Home and Lebanon Library: The first story book I had at home was Bunny Brown and His Sister Sue in the Big Woods by Laura Lee Hope sent to me by Aunt Emma. That was something, I thought,- a real story, not a reading schoolbook. Later I read and loved Anne of Green Gables. In that story and in the sequels, Anne called special people she really liked, whom she felt comfortable with or agreed with (some might say sympatico) *kindred spirits.* That term, kindred spirit, remains in my vocabulary. The Pollyanna books had some influence too; into finding that ray of light--that things could always be worse. She was always "glad, glad, glad." I do not promote taking this as an ideal credo, but sometimes it is helpful to select this approach from a philosophical grab bag for living and sustaining. Then, there were the books by Gene Stratton Porter, all set in a natural wooded area called the Limberlost (in her Indiana locale there is a memorial park dedicated to Porter). She wrote many books and among them: Girl of the Limberlost, Freckles, Keeper of the Bees,[133] and The Harvester. Porter wrote pages and pages of nature descriptions between the story action. Many readers read these descriptions hurriedly, impatient to get on with her good narrative, and I confess, so did I. I also realize I retained some of her passion and believe she further enhanced my love of nature's beauty, already revealed by Mother. A popular book among the Ridge women and recommended to me was the Autobiography of Helen Keller. Her will for life and learning, despite her early blindness and deafness was inspirational.

Uncle Alfred Slagle, an attorney, came to visit mother when she was ill. I watched and listened as he sat by her bedside and chatted. He said "I've been reading HG Wells Outline of History---" I had not a clue who HG Wells was, but Uncle Alfred's apparent intelligence and reading habits attracted my attention and admiration.

When I was about 10 or 11, I started going to the Lebanon Library. It could have been when I waited there after my piano lessons for Dad to pick me up and I browsed and signed out books. I read Barrie's The Little Minister and Tess of the Durbervilles, by Thomas Hardy among

[133] The main character, who kept bees and had an Eden like garden, had a fatal disease, raised and ate the beautiful deep red fruits, visualizing that they would become his blood and heal him.

others. Many of "the others" were books by Zane Grey who was enjoying great popularity especially among male "He Man" readers, who liked adventures of the West. He as G.S. Porter, included extensive nature descriptions, which were of the West. Forward to the 1930s-- when my husband and I discovered that we shared memories of reading Zane Grey novels. Mitch and I exchanged comments of Grey's descriptive tumbleweeds and purple sage.

I could see he was impressed. Likewise, early in our courtship, he told me he liked to read Reader's Digest cover to cover. Since I had been into these too, I thought "a kindred spirit"?

Radio, in General American Heritage, !920s Issue, Robert Saudek, August, !965:

"The first broadcast was on Nov., 2, !920, KDKA, Pittsburgh, PA.--Network radio, born in the 1920s, is largely responsible for the Great Homongenization of the United States.--Every local station had its own homemade sound until late in the 1920s when NBC sprang full-armed from the brow of Zeus. It was then that radio became nationalized: national soap operas, Amos and Andy, H. V Kaltenborn and Father Coughlin.---In these seventy two short months from Nov. 2, 1920 to Nov. 15, 1926 the night NBC went on the air- radio had become a high strung, high- priced highly organized national medium that had challenged the economies of advertising and the stability of the printing press itself. Broadcasting's bone structure was thus formed in the 1920s." In 1965, he didn't think it had been fundamentally altered.

From a booklet that came with The Smithsonian Collection of Old Time Radio (tapes)

"Few technolgical advances have affected the world as dramatically as the advent of radio. The medium had an enormous social and economic impact on America in the first half of the century, becoming the common experience that unified millions of otherwise diverse Americans, and creating new businesses. The appetite for radio sets was enormous. In 1922 fewer than 60,000 families owned them, but by 1930, 13,000,000 did. As the demand became satiated, networks began selling commercial air time to generate income and the radio business grew from what began as a 1920s fad to a new form of capitalism. In the simpler days of the 1920s, 1930s, and 1940s, radio provided a time of family togetherness, as millions gathered around the radio each night to listen to favorite entertainers and the news of the day. Live broadcasts of important events made Americans participants in history, rather than observers. Improvements were rapidly evolving in the radio sets during these years, the advertising and the stability of the printing press itself. Broadcasting's bone structure was thus formed in the 1920s."

Radio and Our Family During Mother's illness, we had a crystal radio[134] with the necessary headphones. We had to move the needle on the crystal, find the "hot" spots on the one or two stations we were able to receive--WSAI and WLW of Cincinnati. I sometimes listenened with headphones on at Mom's bedside, but I guess being a child, I didn't fully appreciate this miracle of communication. It was confining; I wished to move about and besides there was a lot of static. At the Lollars one Sunday I remember the men saying such things as "I

[134]Could be made at a cost of $2 plus $4 for headphones

get KDKA often" and "last week I got St Louis," followed by details of time and programs such as the Chicago Stock Market report.

Radio in the 1930s as we Lived it In his lonely widowerhood my father became enamored with radio and it seemed to me that he bought every new model a friendly neighbor salesman demonstrated. By then radios were better and more complex with their tubes and batteries. Dad lived the age of radio from the crystal through the 1940s, the "Golden Age of Radio." He relaxed and thoroughly enjoyed the programs Amos and Andy and The Crosley Burnt Corkers among many more. Aunt Adelaide seldom missed listening to the popular evening newscasts of Lowell Thomas[135] in which he always signed off "So Long Until Tomorrow." Everyone thought her so bright, so well informed, but the family gave Lowell Thomas much of the credit.

Before Hope Wyles and I went to Nursing school in 1934 we shared in the cost of something we considered important, a cream and burgundty tabletop Emerson radio for our dormitory room. Hope [136] and I heard the War of The Worlds narrated by Orson Welles and were among those who didn't panic, as we later learned millions did. We also heard the King of England abdicate his throne for the "woman I love" and the fireside chats of FDR in the nursing years. I, like most of the nurses only occasionally read the newspapers which were only available in the Nursing Library. One had to make an effort after a long day of nursing to walk outside to another building. Radio *was* our window to the world.

Alcoholic Beverages, And A Question My curiosity arose about why there was no alcohol in our home, nor in most of our relatives' nor in our neighbors'. Please, I am not making a judgement pro or con on alcohol use. Granted, this habit has caused unnecessary deaths, mental and physical abuse, wrecked lives and family incomes. However, since alcohol has been consumed since biblical times, in the pilgrims' lives and in America's colonial period,[137] I sought an explanation for its' almost complete absence in our lives. I asked

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[135]My husband Mitch met Lowell Thomas in the 1970s in an organizational session. Mitch was impressed by Lowell who was then in his eighties, being late for a meeting because he had been skiing! Later I was in attendance at a luncheon and asked Mitch to introduce me. We shook hands-- WOW! I told him about Aunt Adelaide's faithful listening. Most graciously he asked "Where does she live?" I told him "Lebanon, OH" and he said "Oh, my father went to college there." This is where Harry Lollar and Uncle Alfred attended too--the Holbrooke College. Had Aunt Adelaide known this?

[136]I am indebted to Hope. She was the first to extend friendship to me in Kings Mills. She encouraged me to save my money from work at Peter's Cartridge Company in order to enter Nursing at general Hospital, University of Cincinnati-- my "fork in the road" to a better life instead of remaining to do factory work. Hope was appalled that I spent $40 of my saved money to go on a 4H train tour to the 1933 World's Fair in Chicago. Stayed at Hotel Croydon.

[137]The Puritan, Increase Mather referred to alcohol as "God's Good Creature" Today authorities concede some medical benefits, but warn of overuse and of some being genetically vulnerable to taking

Mildred if she ever saw anyone (our neighbors and friends) drinking in the years before Prohibition and she only had one example. She thought carefully and concluded that a hired hand *must* have been drinking when he would ask her "Mildred, play (Regina) Marching Through Georgia" and then asked again and again "one more time." She could not tell me the attitudes of our parents or if it was ever discussed. I know my Dad drank some wine and home brew at our neighbor's home in the early 1930s. I believe it was Mother who was the most temperate one. and of course Dad's parents.

Alcohol Problem, National Prohibition When Franklin D. Roosevelt was President in the 1930s the repeal of Prohibition was big in the news and a plus for FDR's popularity, yet I had never heard this subject debated in my family or others. I only knew drinking was illegal and I sensed it to be wrong. What follows is a different time frame than the rest of this story, but I think it is interesting to give a sociological perspective on our attitudes then and now.

I read about the history of Prohibition in the World Book Encyclopedia. This movement was a subject of great interest, since before the Civil War ca 1850. The Women's Christian Temperance Union was founded in Cleveland, Ohio, 1874 The Anti Saloon League was formed in Ohio in 1893 with branches in every state. Both of these organizations were formed in Ohio ! Carry Nation was the activist in the late 1800s. They worked to get states to go dry and if that was difficult, went township by township[138] to get them dry. By 1919, 31 states were dry. No whiskey was sold after 1917 via the Food Control Act of that time and by 1919 there were no saloons. On 18, Jan., 1919 the Volstead Act carefully defined alcohol drinks with $10,000 fines for selling them. Both political parties worked to repeal this law in 1932.

An Answer to my Curiosity on Alcohol? My parents were born in the 1870s in Ohio. From my brief research above, it appears (above) the Prohibition movement was quite active in Ohio. The churches had been important in awakening the people's conscience on slavery's evils and now the Civil War was over. The Temperance Crusade picked up speed then and became the big issue -- "on the front burner." Mom and Dad grew into adulthood, lived through this atmosphere of the growing campaign against alcohol and I imagine they and their peers became convinced of the moral rightness of the anti alcohol position. It appears that they readily accepted the Prohibition law which had little affect on their lives, as they hadn't drank alcoholic beveages before.

In contrast, my husband, Mitch, born into a Serbian home has always been accustomed (since six years old), with having wine and beer in the home. His family continued their Yugoslavian drinking habits during Prohibition, since they hadn't been exposed to the evangelists' sermons against "demon rum." They made their own wine and probably considered

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alcohol at all.

[138]Waynesville, where Mildred has lived most of he long life in Wayne township is still dry.

Prohibition an annoying law.

In 1936, when I was twenty years old, Mitchell Kartalia and I started dating. He took me to a nightspot named La Normandy in Cincinnati. We danced to "It's a Sin to Tell a Lie," and he asked me to listen carefully to the words, "Be sure its true, when you say I love you." This became our song. There, he also introduced me to my first alcoholic drink-- called a Golden Fizz.

Their Words From the !920s

Ethel Dunham

"Murder will out"

"If you saw your troubles hanging on a clothes line, you'd run and grab your own, before someone took them"

" You can't understand your problem tonight? Go to bed and sleep. You probably will see it clearly in the morning". Usually correct

"The boneless tongue, so small and weak, can crush and kill,declared the Greek".

" Remember the Ten Commandments and The Golden Rule."

Raymond Dunham: When we ate all on our plate "It will be a clear day tomorrow."

When he was troubled: "I guess It won't make any difference a hundred years from now."

Somewhat embracing predestination (he wasn't sure) "What is to be, will be."

"It's only a question of time." to anyone asking about Mom's health

"Eat your food, clean your plate, think of the starving Chinese"[139]

The Slagle sisters: on pregnancy, their attitudes influenced from coming from a large family, the early death of their mother which they attributed to too many pregnancies. and poverty.

"I hear she is in the *family way*"

"She had one by the hand, one in her arms and another in her belly."

"It will be a comfort in your/her/their old age"

.Aunt Mollie

"Have a place for everything and everything in its place."

"You want a friend? Then be a friend."

" Write me if you're coming, so I can put your name in the pot.".

" Rebecca! This sugar bowl is too messy. You must wash it more often". I was 10.

Her committment to Mother and some efficiency in our household was 100 percent.

She also promoted her faith, The Christian Science Church, as well as always having advice for improved living for her nieces and nephews.

[139] This came to mind in China, where we were treated first class because we were on business. We were served too generously. The natives generally looked well fed and so, we felt less guilty.

Aunt Adelaide Scott

"What can't be cured, must be endured"

"Rebecca, you are *not* lonely. You are a Slagle. Slagles love to read. Slagles are never lonely."

"She has that 'come hither' look."

"Your mother was a long time getting sick and will be a long time getting well." in front of her sister, my mother, to cheer her.

"Oh, Rebecca, the things you'll see in your lifetime".

Aunt Adelaide always referred of her husband to anyone not a relative or close friend as "Mr Scott" Her overt respect brings to mind:

This writer and everyone I knew most of my life have called their aunts and uncles by their title. You have read about my Aunt Adelaide, my Aunt Mollie and Aunt Emma. If I had grown up calling them by their first names and continued in this book, would it have the same meaning? I believe that this should still be the custom. If one doesn't say Aunt Mary or Uncle Tom in conversation, he or she could be speaking about any Mary or Tom. You could be referring about someone you knew or had never met. I consider the address is flattering when speaking to or of your relatives. Adding the familial title says "it is my very own aunt or uncle", and shows respect. Yes, not all agree. Some grandmothers and grandfathers (and possibly aunts and uncles) don't wish to be called by their traditional titles or even a special acceptible endearing variation. It did seem a stretch, when I heard one grandfather say he wanted his little grandson to call him "uncle."

Uncle John Collett:

"When we buy a bushel of apples,[140] I always choose to eat the largest, prettiest and reddest apple I can find. Thus, I am always eating the very best apple in the bushel," then he'd laugh at this remark, perhaps thinking it did sound a bit silly. Not really, I remember it, right? Today's housewives are happy in our produce department selecting the best every day they shop--good psychology in both instances. Along the same line, why do the hosts and hostesses in restaurants try to give patrons the smallest worst table, the one closest to the kitchen, when there are many better? Those of us arriving later, with the restaurant crowded, would feel happy, like Uncle John, that we are always getting "the nicest and best table" available, even if the last one.

Walter Sheehan, About chain groceries: I have no exact words, but I recall his speaking several times of his concern about the chain groceriess, namely the A & P becoming powerful ca 1929. He didn't like to see the small grocery owners being forced out of business. This was in 1928/29 and a popular topic of discussion on radio and in the press

Later than the 1920s, but including it in a possibly "worth a thought department".

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[140]Most people liked apples and also the adage "An apple a day keeps the doctor away."

I visited a bereaved widow in her new and different surroundings. " Life is Change," she sadly, as if in acceptance, concluded. I pondered on this at the time and thought--"sensible? profound?" The scene changes in our lives are continuous, even if at the time, as a child or a plant grows, one can't perceive it. Not as dramatically, but actually, life's changes could be compared to those we view in a kaleidoscope. Change is happening as surely as time passes. The "forks in the road" we choose further changes us and our lives and all these changes becomes part of our story. Acceptance of the constancy of change and therefore life, keeps us less rigid and more serene. Life is Change.

My mother liked poetry. This was one of her favorites.

Land of Beginning Again

Louise Fletcher

I wish that there was some wonderful place
Called the Land of Beginning again
Where all our mistakes
And all our heartaches
And all our poor selfish grief
Could be dropped like a shabby old coat at the door
And never put on again.

I wish we could come on it all unaware
Like a hunter who finds a lost trail
And I wish that the one
Whom our blindness had done
The greatest injustice of all
Could be at the gate
Like an old friend that waits
For the comrade he's gladest to hail

We would find all the things we intended to do
But forgot and remembered too late
Little praises unspoken
Little promises broken
And all of a thousand and one little duties neglected
That might have perfected
The day for one less fortunate

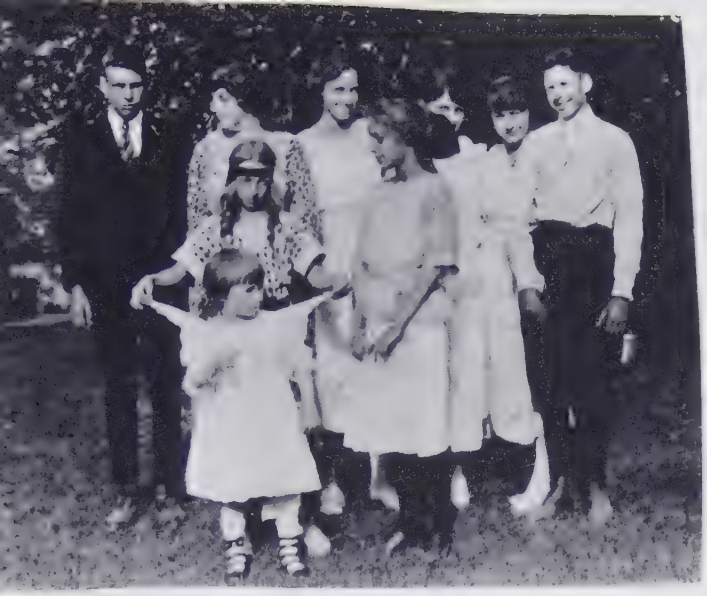
It wouldn't be possible not to be kind
In the "Land of Begining Again"
And those whom we judged
And those whom we grudged
The moments of victory here
Would find in the grasp
Of our loving hand clasp
More than penitent lips could explain

For what had been hardest
We'd know had been best
For there isn't a sting
That will not take wing.
When we've faced it and laughed it away
And I think that the laughter
Is most what we're after
In the "Land of Beginning Again"

Mitch Kartalia's Senior Class, 1929, Washington, D.C.
See girls in cloche hats, Mitch back row, far right

The phone ca 1920s

Coney Islant trip, Island Queen
Back row, left to right, Adelaide Scott
Ethel Dunham, Ruby Lollar,
Front, left to right:
Katherine Lollar, Rebecca Dunham, Robert Lollar



At Collett Home in Dayton
Nine Slagle cousins, July 4. 1920, Back row left to right
Clifford Slagle, Estella Werkmeister, Alma Slagle,
Etheldra Collett, Mildred Dunham, Tom Scott
Next row left to right, Marjorie Werkmeister, Ruth Slagle
Rebecca Dunham

Mollie, Ethel, Adelaide
On ground, L Rebecca, R. Marjorie

At Collett Home:
Front row left to right: Mollie Collett
Ethel Dunham, ?, Mildred Dunham, Tom Scott
In back Tom Scott Jr.

At Will Slagle Home, Madeira, Ohio
Left to right: Will Slagle, Midred Dunham
Adelaide Scott, John Collett, Ethel Dunham with cake?
Inez Slagle, Tom Scott, Mollie Collett
Ruth Slagle holding Margery Slagle and Rebecca Dunham

Margery Slagle and Rebecca Dunham
at Will .Slagle home

Robert Slagle, Rebecca Dunham
at Will Slagle Home.

Slagle aunts and uncles minus Aunt Emma
Left to right:
Frances Slagle (Will), John Collett (Mollie)
Adelaide Scott, Will Slagle, Mollie Collett
Alfred and Inez Slagle, Thomas Scott

END OF FARM LIFE AND THE 1920S

Mother's Illness

As I wrote about my 1920s, I became cognizant it was difficult for me to capture the essence of our farm life and weave in the unhappy reality of my mother's four year illness. .

Most of the chores, crops and outings I wanted to write about all took place before I was nine and my memories of those years are those of a young girl. After Mother became ill many things changed, especially the happy events and atmosphere. My emphasis in this story is to record the normal times, customs and words of the 1920s, as well as help you better know your Dunham family.

I realize it may be of interest to you to know about the onset of and story of mother's four year illness.

Mother had osteomalacia. She had had no childhood diseases before the measles.[141] During the year following the measles, she first began to feel pain, then started limping and used a cane. One day she fell, but this was a spontaneous fracture-- in other words, the bone broke and naturally she fell. She was taken to the hospital and the bone was set. After another fracture and a hospital stay, we received the diagnosis of osteomalacia (also called adult rickets) with the alarming prognosis of complete invalidism and no cure. We were to make her comfortable and they prescribed a fracture bed as the only way to care for her. Dad followed the doctor's orders for her nursing care and we gave her daily alcohol backrubs. We were all relieved that she never got a bedsore, medically called decubitus.

Relatives and neighbors were very kind to Mother and us. They visited from time to time bringing fruit or homemade breads, or phoned, if they had one. Once they organized a gift bag surprise, which contained many little packages, to be opened, one each day. The Lollars[142] took me to the Presbyterian Sunday School and other places. They now had a Model A Ford and Ruby as well as her husband Harry drove. I was invited to visit relatives: the Colletts in Dayton, the William Slagles in Madeira and the Henry Foltz family in Lockland, both families near Cincinnati. I have mentioned Aunt Mollie's constant help as well as Aunt Adelaide's, but must praise Aunt Frankie Slagle (William's wife) who came and stayed several days early in our family crisis. It was she who found me on the cellar door sobbing after I had learned about Mother's condition.

Dad decided during the last couple years of Mother's illness to quit farming and went to work in Kings Mills for the Peter's Cartridge Company. It was still hard labor, but the paychecks gave him more regular cash and security. The John Marlatt family moved into part of our house. John continued the farm chores. Sarah, his wife was available to answer Mother's

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[141]When Mildred had the measles, she was sent to Aunt Adelaide's to protect Mother. For some reason she cared for me at home.

[142]The Lollars are mentioned several times. Ruby, especially was a good friend to our family. Mother told how Ruby gave her (or recommended) a maternity garment to help her carry me. Ruby gave Mildred a bridal shower. They invited me for Sunday dinners after church.

bell, and Leota, about my age, became a friend.

In 1929 we came to the end of our life on the farm, the end of Mother's life, the end of the 1920s and the end of this story.[143]

As I, in my old age fully realize the drama of my mother's last months, I write this version.

Ethel's Last Summer

Four years, flat in that bed she lay
Had kept her cheer, also a hope
That better health might come one day
She played the game, seemed to cope

But Ethel, in illness, once did speak
That she had a wish deep inside
To die near their fields, woods and creek
Where Raymond took her as his bride

She knew her life's end was near
In that summer of twenty nine
Her bones more fragile, it was clear
She told me all was far from fine.

"You take care of Dad," she said
"Had wanted to see you seventeen"
Spoke of boys' ways from her bed
Asked my words and deeds be clean

Mildred, large in "family way"
Came driving their Essex machine
Found mother weaker that day
Back home, prayed o'er what she'd seen.

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[143]It was on to the 1930s, I lived with Dad, made nice friends, Mary Fox and Hope Wyles among several others, liked Kings Mills High School. The Great Depression was on, but Dad always had a small paycheck and we had the basics.

On August twenty sixth morn
A voice from our yard "It's a boy"!
Our Richard D. Sheehan was born
In sadness, we welcomed this joy.

Mother's life, then ebbing fast
One day was shown her new grandson
Sister said her eyes glazed like glass
Family's tears began to run

Alas, Raymond in a fiscal crisis
The banker said they would foreclose
Medical debts, lapse in taxes
These increased my poor father's woes.

Found a house on Magazine Hill
To move the thirteenth of September
Endured his stress, no powder nor pill
That fortnight that we remember

The ambulance came on the date
We all moved to Magazine Hill
Away from her farm, unaware her fate
She would die near the town of King's Mills

That night Dad heard her death rales
He sat by her bed as she slept
After four years of their travail
She suffered no more, and he wept

Asleep, I didn't hear nor see
Awake, and Mother not in sight
Aunt Mollie, there in time of need
Said Mother had left us that night

My aunt looked strange, so wan and drawn
"Time heals all wounds," she said.
"Your father too went to Lebanon
Not been apart much, since day they wed."

Ethel and Rebecca, 1916

Mildred and Rebecca holding baby Richard
Outside our Kings Mills house on Magazine Hill

MRS. JOHN E. DUNHAM

Letitia Dow Dunham; (widow of John E. Dunham,) was born, August 15, 1844, near South Lebanon, Ohio, and departed this life, October 3, 1918, at the home of her son, Raymond, near Lebanon, Ohio. Her age was 74 years, 1 month and 18 days.

Deceased was the second daughter of Joseph and Sarah Ann Jemeson, who lived and died in this vicinity several years ago. She was an active member of the W. R. C., of Lebanon, and in the course of a long and useful life, she was ever known and recognized as one who who was ever ready to contribute of her time and means for the comfort and happiness of those less fortunate than herself. Numerous and helpful were her acts of charity and love to all with whom she came in contact in every day life.

She professed the Christian religion in early life, and in the year 1864, she united with what is now known as the Main Street Presbyterian Congregation; and in later years, came with her husband to the close of her life, she merited and always received and enjoyed the highest esteem and affection of this community, in which she has resided.

Her pure and unselfish Christian life will ever be a shining example to those who knew her best. In the performance of deeds of kindness to others, she seemed to realize her greatest comfort. No one knew her but to love and admire her

Two sons and two grandchildren remain to mourn the loss of their best friend; and a number of brothers and sisters ever will bear witness to the good and true life that has gone from among us.

Although in declining health for several months past, the final illness was brief; lasting but a few days. Her life was lived in humble and trustful obedience to the will of Him who "doeth all things well." And her words of comfort and advice were ever such as to cheer and bless all with whom she commingled in life.

Verily she has "fought a good fight," and having kept the faith, she has inherited the reward of the faithful follower of her Blessed Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ.

Such a life is a precious Legacy, much to be coveted, and always to be preserved by all who received her many acts of disinterested kindness and yet who never learned to really and truly value the gentle spirit until it has so suddenly gone from among us, and may we all, as we consider her life and labors; remember that God is saying to each one, "Be ye also Ready."

The funeral services were conducted from the home of her son, Raymond, near Lebanon on Monday, October 7th, by Rev. Ballard, of Blanchester, Ohio, and Rev. Kunze, of Lebanon. Interment in Lebanon Cemetery.

JOHN E. DUNHAM

Dies at His Home South of Lebanon.

John E. Dunham, second son of Thomas Gibbs and Eliza Dunham departed this life April 12, 1913, aged 71 years and 4 months. His death occurred at the family residence two miles south of Lebanon, where he has resided many years, and near the place of his birth. He had been afflicted for many months with a complication of ailments and yet his severe illness extended over a few brief hours.

Born and reared in this community he was well known, and most highly esteemed by a large number of people, and as a most excellent citizen and worthy man, his loss will be deeply felt by a host of friends.

A member of Company F 60th Ohio Volunteer Infantry, in the Civil war, he served his country faithfully and well, and with his Regment was taken prisoner at its surrender, at Harper's Ferry, Va., and later was honorably discharged from the service at Chicago, Ill.

March 13, 1864 he was united in marriage with Miss Letitia D. Jameson. This union was blessed with four children, of whom, two sons, Burns Dunham of Chicago and Raymond Dunham of this vicinity survive.

He possessed a quiet nature and ordinarily, a retiring disposition, of great kindness, and was always ready to render relief to the needy, wherever found. A Christian, of strictest integrity, he was prompt and ready in ministrations of mercy and good will to all, who might, by any means, appear to merit his benefactions.

In the month of February, 1870, he united with the First Baptist church, in Lebanon, Ohio, and has always been known as a believer in and advocate of the principles of the Christian religion.

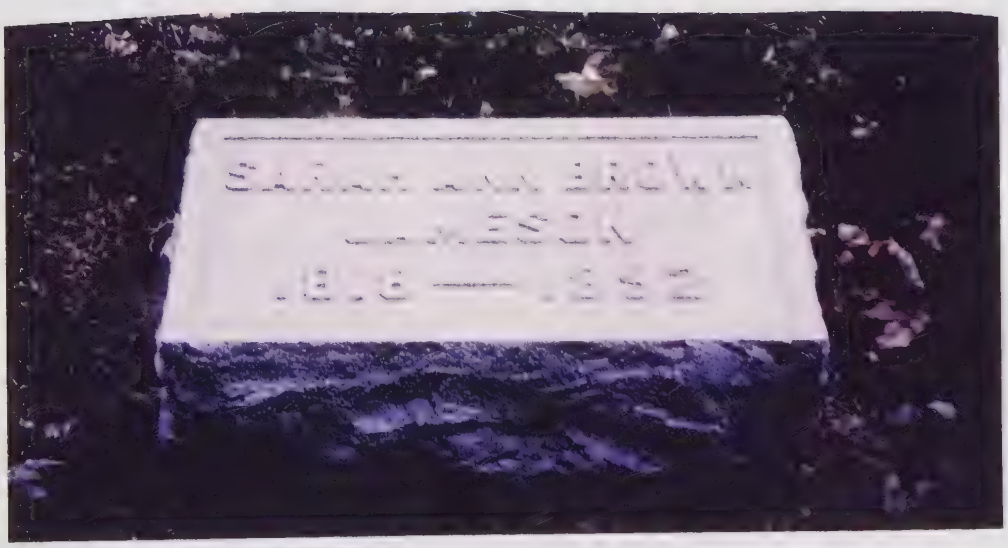
Elizabeth Dunham, 1781 1857, Pioneer Cemetery

Edward Dunham, 1785-1842, Pioneer cemetery

WESTERN STAR Nov 1913

The Chicago Fat Stock Show has attracted a number of Lebanon people to the Windy City this week. The fare for the round trip is only $5.50 good until the 18th. Among those who went from here are, W. S. Dilatush, Mont Hayner, Frank A. Bone, Miller Gibson, Smith Hatfield and John E. Dunham.

JAMESON



John Hyder Slagle

John Hyder Slagle was born July 12, 1839 at Concord, Ky., died May 3, 1909 at Loveland, Ohio. He was the youngest and only son of a family of five. Two sisters are still living Mrs. Catherine Pixley of Muncie, Ind., age 87 and Mrs. William Cummings of near Manchester, Ohio, age 95, another sister dying at the age of 86 and his mother lived to be 97 years old.

His family came from Maryland where they were owners of a large estate, slaves and tanneries on the Potomac river, and later purchased a large tract of land in Ohio where the city of Zanesville now stands. His father was a leading educator and was a graduate of Yale University.

He was married to Miss Emma Beach, May 24, 1863. Nine children were born to this union: Grant S. Mollie C., wife of L. C. Collett of Dayton, Ohio, William C., of Cincinnati, Adelaide, wife of Thomas Scott, Lebanon, John H. of Los Angeles, Cal., Archibald C., of Cincinnati, O., Emma D. of Los Angeles, Cal., Ethel E., wife of Raymond Dunham, Lebanon, O., Alfred B. of Spokane, Wash. He also leaves eight grand children to mourn his loss.

The family circle was first broken by the death of the mother, April 5, 1888. Grant S., the oldest died June 10, 1901. He was married December 8, 1897 to Mrs. Mary Wene of Loveland, Ohio who still survives him, no children was born to this union.

He was buried in the beautiful cemetery at South Lebanon, Ohio, Wednesday, May 5, 1909.

Obituary. 1888

Mrs. Emma B. Slagle died at her home near South Lebanon on Thursday, April 5, and the funeral services were held Sunday and conducted by Rev. T. A. Brandon. The remains were interred in the beautiful cemetery near South Lebanon. Emma Beach Slagle was born June 19, 1845, near West Union, Adams county, O. She was married to John H. Slagle, May 24, 1863. Nine children were born to this union, all of whom together with the husband survive her. Mrs. Slagle was a woman of many sterling qualities, a kind and affectionate wife and mother, and a good neighbor who was always ready to lend a helping hand. She will be sadly missed not only by the afflicted family, but by the community in which she lived.

FORM 522 WILL—SHORT FORM Tuttle Law Print. Publishers, Rutland, Vt.

Last Will and Testament.

I, Ethel E. Dunham of the Village of Lebanon in the County of Warren and State of Ohio being of sound mind and memory, do make, publish and declare this my last Will and Testament, in manner following that is to say:

First. I direct the payment of all my just debts and funeral expenses as soon after my decease as possible.

SECOND I give, devise, and bequeath to my beloved husband, Raymond H. Dunham, in fee, all the property I possess, of every description and wherever located, whether real, personal, or mixed, to be his absolutely.

THIRD I hereby authorize and empower my Executor hereinafter named, to compound, compromise, settle and adjust all claims and demands in favor of or against my estate; and to sell at public or private sale at such prices and upon such terms of credit or otherwise as he may deem best, the whole or any part of my real or personal property, and to execute, acknowledge and deliver deeds and other proper instruments of conveyance thereof to the purchaser or purchasers. I further request that no bond be required of my said Executor.

In case my husband and I should meet with some accident and both be taken by death at the same moment, then it is my desire that my estate be divided between our two Children Mildred Sheehan and Rebecca Dunham. First I desire that the sum of two thousand (2000) Dollars be set aside and kept for the education of our daughter Rebecca. The Balance of my estate to be divided between my said two children in equal parts. I further request that there be no sale of my household goods but that they be divided between our Children

Lastly *I hereby appoint* Raymond H. Dunham

executor

of this, my last Will and Testament: hereby revoking all former wills by me made.

In Witness Whereof, *I have hereunto subscribed my name the* 22 *day of* May *in the year Nineteen Hundred and* twenty-six.

Ethel E. Dunham L.S.

We, whose names are hereto subscribed, **Do Certify** *that on the* 22 *day of* May 19 26

FARM AUCTION SALE OF RAYMOND DONHAM. I

SEPTEMBER 1929

2 mis Lot of Pans	Seiker G. ✓	.10 ✓
Brushes & Pans	Fisher J. D. ✓	.10 ✓
Strainer	Bailey C. ✓	05 ✓
mis Lot, mold.	Seiker G. ✓	10 ✓
Teapot, Skillet	Fisher J. D. ✓	05 ✓
Pans & Lid	Johnson O. ✓	10 Pd ✓
Pans & Pot	Fisher J. D. ✓	05 ✓
Basket & Cord.	" " " ✓	15 ✓
Kraut-cutter	" " " ✓	40 ✓
Brush & Pot	Hathaway Hallie Mrs ✓	10 ✓
Potato masher	Seiker G. ✓	10 ✓
Dairy Churn	Wood Jerry ✓	100 Pd ✓
Knife & Pan	Conger O. C. ✓	10 ✓
Pitcher	Clay Geo ✓	10 ✓
Dinner Box & mis.	Bolton H. ✓	10 ✓
mis Lot	Fisher J. D. ✓	05 ✓
Jars	Seiker G. ✓	85 ✓
Mis Lot of Can	Bacon H. ✓	15 ✓
Coffee Pot & Din Box.	Cooper C. B Mrs ✓	20 ✓
Sleeve B. Cof. Pot.	Fisher J. D. ✓	05 ✓
3 Coffee Pots	Hathaway Hallie Mrs ✓	05 ✓
mis Lot	Fisher J. D. ✓	15 ✓
Jugs	Bacon H. ✓	50 ✓
Leaf oil	Thomson Guy ✓	10 ✓
Iron Pot.	Seiker G. ✓	25 ✓
		450

27	Trap	Seiker G.	10
28	Mis Lot	" "	10
29	Toilet Set	Coffen C B Mrs	20
30	Mis Lot	Hathaway Mrs.	10
31	Iron & Sweeper	Nelson Ed.	05
32	Coffee Kettle	Seiker G.	50
33	Wash Boards	Coffen C B Mrs	10
34	Rack, 2 cups	Seiker G.	10
35	Stool	Fisher J. D.	05
36	Swords	Seiker G.	80
37	Picture Frames	Fisher J. D.	05
38	" "	Beach H.	15
39	" "	Bacon H & W	25
40	" "	Linch Geo	10
41	" "	Beach H.	10
42	"	Leath H.	50
43	" "	Seiker G.	10
44	" "	Fisher J. D.	10
45	" "	Seiker G.	15
46	Stand	Shelton & Mc	30
47	" "	Crouch Jim Mrs.	80
48	Lard press	Fisher J. D.	80
49	Separator	" " "	25
50	Cooler	Coffen H. C.	175
51	Grinder	Mahoney	160
			9.10

2 glass jug .10 02

Ed. Nelson. Pd. 3.05

52 Cans 2.10	Cooper H. A.	4.20 ✓
53 1 Can 2.00	Bailey E.	2.00 ✓
54 Can	Hathaway H.	2.00 ✓
55 Jar.	Davis O. S.	50 ✓
56 Corn.	" " "	10 ✓
57 Bureau M. S.	Hathaway H. Mrs.	25 ✓
58 2 Chairs .55	Mallot Jno.	1.10 ✓
59 Rocker Sewing	Seiker G.	1.10 ✓
60 Rocker	Leath W.m	1.10 ✓
61 Rocker	" "	25 ✓
62 Chair	Johnson O.	40 ✓
63 Set 4 ch + settee	Mallot Jno.	9.00 ✓
64 Side board.	" " "	2.00 ✓
65 Frames + Gl.	O. Bunnair Mrs.	60 ✓
66 Stove gift	Mahoney	25 ✓
67 Table	Spaeth Les Mrs	4.50 Pd. ✓
69 "	Mallot Jno.	7.50 ✓
69 Oil Stove	Davis O.	2.25 ✓
70 Safe.	Reimang L Mrs.	2.20 Pd ✓
71 Safe 3 Corner	Mallot Jno.	4.50 Pd ✓
72 Bed	Mallot Jno.	25 ✓
73 Bed.	Engel L Mrs	75 ✓
74 Iron bed.	Mallot Jno.	80 ✓
75 Cot	Davis O.	50 ✓
76 "	" "	50 ✓
		48.60

Johnson 40 Pd

77. 2 Pulleys	Morgan Joe.	90 ✓
78 Fence Sb.	Engle Jim.	20 ✓
79 Box & Cord.	Hoke G. O.	15 Pd. ✓
80 Box & Cord	Davis O.	10 ✓
81. Anvil	Cooper H. A.	30 ✓
82 Mis Lot.	Fisher J. D	10 ✓
83 Mis Lot	Mahoney	10 ✓
84 Em. Stone	Mahoney	100 ✓
85 Box & Cord.	" "	25 ✓
86 " .	Fisher J. D.	35 ✓
87 Chain	" " .	10 ✓
88. Blades & Knife & Box	Mahoney	30 ✓
89 Coulter	Engel Jim	15 ✓
90 Wedges	Mahoney	25 ✓
91 Hayfork Fork.	Fisher J. D.	10 ✓
92 Bits	Davis O.	35 ✓
93 Fork & Irons & Hames	Simpkins Jno.	10 Pd. ✓
94. Saw Clamps & Lot	Mahoney	35 ✓
95 Fence Stretcher	Davis O.	10 ✓
96 Trough	Morgan Joe	25 ✓
97 Saddle	Fisher J. D.	45 ✓
98 "	Cooper H. A.	25 ✓
99. Saw & Fork	Davis O.	55 ✓
100 Sled	Bailey C.	25 ✓
101 Trough.	Mallet Jno	525 ✓
		1225

02	Culti	Mallot Jno.	.30 ✓
03	Culti	Mahoney	4.00 ✓
4	Disc Culti	Barley Em.	4.35 ✓
05	Corn Planter	Mahoney	5.50 ✓
06	Potatoe Digger	Budde Ed.	3.00 ✓
07.	Plow M.B.	Mahoney	25 ✓
08.	Disc att. Plow	" "	70 ✓
09.	Seed mill	Gibbs Harley	10.25 ✓
10.	" "	Russel & Lloyd	10 ✓
11	Corn Sheller	Barley Em	1.50 ✓
12.	Drum fill	Fisher J. D.	10 ✓
13.	2 Fork	Sluss H.	30 Pd ✓
14	Sin tree	Mahoney	25 ✓
15	Trough	McKnight J. T.	60 ✓
16	Digger Ost	Brown W. H.	45 Pd. ✓
17.	Job Rod	Mahoney	30 ✓
18.	Stretcher	Morley G. O.	40 Pd ✓
19	Job Lob	Sheehan H.	10 Pd ✓
20.	Job Lob.	Fisher J. D	10 ✓
21	Lot	" "	10 ✓
22.	Saw	Foley Mat.	40 ✓
23	Yoke	Wilson Ed.	45 Pd ✓
24	Seat	Sama Carl	15 Pd. ✓
25	Job Lot.	Barley Em	05 ✓
26.	Lot.	Thomsen Guy	05 ✓

3376

127 Shovels.	Mahoney	30 ✓
128 Chains	Shuff & St.	10 Pd.
Sycle	Cooper C. B.	50 ✓
130 Tug + Comb.	Davis O.	10 ✓
131 Pulley	Morgan Joe	25 ✓
132 Bar	Sheehan St.	45 ✓
133 Chain	Leath St Mill	175 ✓
134 Chain	Mallot Jno.	1.10 ✓
135 Chain + cement.	Mahoney	.05 ✓
136 Paper	Shuff St.	40 Pd ✓
137 Rope	McKinley J.	325 ✓
138 Halfsom Tab.	Cooper C. B.	40 ✓
139 Blocks.	Fisher J. D.	300 ✓
140 Shovel	Elzy Geo	05 Pd ✓
141 Double-tree	Leath St Mill	130 ✓
142 " "	Mahoney.	40 ✓
143 " "	Leath St Mill	60 ✓
144 4H. "	Mahoney	40 ✓
145 "	Bailey Em.	05 ✓
146 Box	Mahoney.	10 ✓
147 Hay rigging	" "	5.25 ✓
148 Draft + Shafts	Mallot Jno.	1.25 ✓
149 1H. Drill	Mahoney	10 ✓
150 2H. Drill	" "	3200 ✓
151 Roller.	" "	125 ✓

152	Bar Plow	Carey Jr.	1 80 Pd
153	Dune Plow	Mahoney	3 50 ✓
	2S Plow	Mallot Jno	10 ✓
155	Sulky Plow	Lynch Jr.	6 00 ✓
156	Double Disc	Mallot Jno.	4.75 ✓
157	Gang Plow	Beadle Con	16 00 ✓
158	Rake	Watson G A.	18 00 ✓
159	Corn Binder	King Horace	10 00 ✓
160	Mower	South Floyd	1 00 ✓
161	Binder	Beadle Con.	15 00 ✓
162	Cutting box	Mahoney	60 ✓
163	Gr. Stone	" "	2 10 ✓
164	Wagon + Bed	Mallot Jno	18 00 ✓
165	Trucks	Fisher L D.	1 50 ✓
166	Harness $2.50	Mahoney	5 00 ✓
167	Harness	" "	1 25 ✓
168	Lines	" "	1 75 ✓
169	Bridles	" "	40 ✓
170	Harness	" "	10 ✓
2	Collars	" "	25 ✓
172	Collar	" "	50 ✓
173	Halters	" "	40 ✓
174	"	" "	45 ✓
175	Mis Lot	" "	10 ✓
176	"	" "	50 ✓

1.00 South Lloyd Pd

3.85
1/2
2 2 7 0
3.86

177	Timothy Hay 5.50	Foley Mat.	Est	11.00
178	85 " 6.00	Beadle Com	Est	48.00
	Drill	Shurts W. W.		11.25
180	10 acres Corn 2.00	Mallott Jno.		20.00
181	Gray Team.	" "		175.00
182	Gray mare	Mahoney		26.00
183	16 Shoats 3.85	Brown Bros		51.60
184	2 Sow. 16.00	Beadle Bros		32.00
185	3 Sow 15.75	Mahoney		47.25
186	Blk Heifer	Blackford Os.		46.50
187	Roan Heifer	" "		29.00
188	3 mo. Calf.	" "		21.50
189	Red Cow	Beadle Com.		51.00
190	Cr Horn "	" "		56.50
191	10 yr old Cow	" "		50.00
192	Bull	" "		48.00

205.50
3
236.50
3
239.50

OBITUARY

OBITUARY

Raymond Dunham

Raymond H. Dunham was born to John and Letitia Dunham on a farm between Lebanon and South Lebanon on September 4th, 1879. It was here that he spent the first fifty years of his life.

He married Miss Ethel Slagle in 1900 who preceded him in death in 1929. To this union were born two daughters, Mildred and Rebecca.

On March 29th, 1947 he was united in marriage to Mrs. Cannie Honaker of South Lebanon.

He united with the Kings Mills Baptist Church during the pastorate of Rev. H. S. Gessner and has been a loyal member of the church until his death. He was a grand husband, a kind and patient father and loved by everyone knew him. He was a farmer most of his life but also had been for 17 years an employee of Remington Arms.

He passed peacefully from this life on July 5th, 1948 at the age of 68 years, 10 months, and 1 day.

Surviving him are: his wife, Mrs. Cannie Dunham of South Lebanon; two daughters, Mrs. Mildred Sheehan of Waynesville, and Mrs. Rebacca Kartalia of Milwaukee; 4 step-children; 4 grandchildren, Richard and Warren Sheeha and David and Janet Kartalia; al 6 step-grandchildren, and mar many other close friends.

Sunset and Evening star,
And one clear call for me
And may there be no moaning o
the bar
When I put out to sea.

But such a tide as moving seems
asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out
the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the Dark!
And may there be no sadness of
farewell
When I embark.

For though from out our bourne
oftime and place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my pilot face to face,
When I have crossed the bar.

Expression of Thanks

We wish to express our sincere thanks and appreciation to our relatives, friends, and neighbors for their kindness and sympathy extended to us in the great loss of our beloved one, Raymond H. Dunham.

Especially do we wish to thank Rev. Martin and Rev. Gessner for their consoling words, the pallbearers, the donors of the beautiful floral offerings and cards of sympathy. Also the Oswald Funeral home for the kind and efficient managment of the funeral.

Mrs. Cannie Dunham
Mrs. Mildred Sheehan
Mrs. Rebecca Kartalia

DEATH OF MRS. RAYMOND DUNHAM OCCURS SATURDAY

Funeral services were held at the Oswald Funeral Home Monday afternoon for Mrs. Ethel Slagle Dunham, wife of Raymond Dunham, who died on Saturday following an extended illness. She had been in ill health for five years. Services were in charge of Rev. J. H. Lamy and burial was made in the South Lebanon cemetery.

Surviving are the husband, two daughters, Mrs. Mildred Sheehan, of Waynesville, and Miss Rebecca Dunham, of Lebanon, three sisters, Mrs. J. C. Collett, Mrs. Thomas Scott and Mrs. Charles Heathman; and four brothers, William Slagle, John Slagle, Alfred Slagle and Arthur Slagle.

ARCH

FALLS TO DEATH

SELDON DUNHAM THE VICTIM OF MISFORTUNE

Plank Gives Way and Death Awaits Him on the Floor of Silo.

Selden Dunham met a tragic death early Wednesday morning by falling over twenty feet to the cement floor of a silo on the farm of T. G. White, south of Lebanon.

His death did not occur until a few minutes after noon.

Young Dunham together with fellow workmen were engaged in preparing the silo to be filled. He was at work on the inside and was climbing up the perpendicular wall by stepping on the small trap doors that open inward and drawing himself upward. Only one hand was free as the other carried a plank to be placed across the top of the silo to be used by the man who manipulated the hoop of the cutting machine.

When about three feet from the top and grabbing for the last door it gave way and he fell backward, turned a somersault in the air and struck the hard floor below on his right side. His skull was crushed in at the base of the brain and his shoulder mangled, the broken bones protruding through his clothing. The unconcsious form of the luckless man was carried to the home and Dr. B. H. Blair summoned. All medical skill could avail nothing and at ten minutes after twelve he breathed his last without regaining consciousness.

The wife was away at the time of the accident, visting her parents in Covington, Ohio. She was immediately notified and started for home at once but did not arrive in time to see her husband alive.

Mr. Dunham was 35 years of age and was born and reared on the old Dunham farm south of town. Four years ago he went west and remained three years being employed as a telegraph operator. A year ago last spring he returned to the old home with his young wife and took to farming.

He was a member of the Masonic, Odd Fellows and Elk lodges and a faithful attendant. He was well known in Lebanon and vicinity where from early times the Dunhams have been a power in the community.

JOSEPH JAMESON

In Memoriam.

When a good man dies the people mourn, yet they mourn not as having no hope.

The hand of death has been laid heavily upon the pioneers of this vicinity during the last four or five years. But perhaps no one has been taken from among us whose countenance will be missed more frequently, or whose loss will be felt more deeply, than that of Joseph Jameson.

His was no easy race in life. He was born near Xenia, Ohio, February 13, 1812, while his father was serving in the memorable war of that year. An orphan at eight years, he was the eldest son of six children, who, with a widowed mother, began to battle with the stern realities of life, unaided by wealth or a father's advice or assistance.

Early in the year 1832 he left the home of his youth and came to Warren County, and for more than a half century he has lived in this vicinity, where he has enjoyed the highest respect and confidence of the entire community.

He was married near Lebanon, Ohio, January 9, 1839, to Sarah Ann Brown, who has been an invalid for the past year, but who with a family of eight children, five girls and three boys, fourteen grand-children, and one great-granddaughter, still survive him.

BURIED MONDAY.

23 May 1917

Burns Benham Dunham, oldest son of the late Mr. and Mrs. John F. Dunham died Saturday at the home of his brother, Raymond, after an illness of several years. The departed had suffered from paralysis, and for a number of years had been practically helpless. In spite of his infirmities he always had an optimistic and a cheerful outlook upon life.

The funeral service was conducted by the Rev. John H. Lamy, at the Oswald Funeral Home Monday, at 2 p. m. The body was laid to rest in the Lebanon cemetery.

CLARENCE A. SCOTT DIES.

The many friends of Clarence A. Scott were greatly shocked Friday when they received the sad news of his untimely death in a Pittsburg, Pa., hospital. Death was due to pneumonia.

Young Scott graduated from the Lebanon High School in 1915 with the highest honors of his class, his instructors freely admitting that he had an unusually brilliant and mature mind. Last fall he entered Carnegie Technical College at Pittsburg and was maintaining his reputation as a leader among students there when he suddenly became ill.

Funeral services were held at the home of his parents Monday afternoon and the large number of friends present and the many beautiful floral tributes showed the high esteem in which he was held. Burial was made at South Lebanon.

The following beautiful tribute was read at the funeral services:

In Memoriam.

Clarence Allison Scott was born Dec. 27, 1898, died May 11, 1917.

At the age of sixteen he graduated from Lebanon High School with the highest of honors, having stood at the head of his class all four years.

Entering Carnegie Technical College at Pittsburg, Pa., in the fall of 1916, he was just finishing up his freshman year with the same high scholastic success.

Making many friends he was elected to membership in the National Federation of Commons club, qualifications for membership being contingent on high intellectual and moral standing. Clarence was one whose aims were of the highest character.

On April 26 he contracted rheumatism caused by military training; he was very patriotic arising at 5 o'clock in the morning to do his credits in military training wishing to enter the aviation corps.

On May 10th the sad message came, "Come at once", a relapse and that fatal disease pneumonia took him away from loving father mother and brother and college friends May 11 ending one of the most brilliant minds.

It was a sad home-coming but the great kindness of his college friends who did everything possible to aid the father and mother on their sad journey homeward lightened their sorrow. One of his fraternity brothers accompanied them home looking after all details of their journey.

In 1912 Clarence became a member of the Main Street Presbyterian church.

Dunham-Sheehan.

Most beautiful and of interest to friends in Warren County was the wedding of Miss Mildred Dunham, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Raymond H. Dunham, and Mr. Walter Lamar Sheehan, son of Mr. Elmer Sheehan, of Centerville, which took place at the country home of the bride's parents near Lebanon on last Thursday evening, November 20, at 7:30 o'clock. A small company of relatives and close friends numbering about sixty were present at the ceremony which was read by Rev. Benjamin F. Judd.

A trellised arch of pink and white which was blanked on either side by chrysanthemums, smilax, and ferns was built in front of the fireplace. Mrs. Dearth Sheehan, matron of honor, and roommate of the bride at college, wore pink crepe de chine trimmed in ostrich. She with her husband, as best man, entered first and were followed by little Rebecca Dunham, sister of the bride, who was cunning in her little frock of pink crepe de chine trimmed in net and lace and carrying a basket of pink and white primroses in which rested the ring. The bride entering with the bridegroom, was a lovely picture of youth and beauty in gown of white satin back crepe trimmed in bandings of pearls and a veil of silk net, a gift of her aunt, Mrs. Charles Heathman, of St. Paul, Minn., which fell from a coronet of pearls. Her bouquet was a cluster of brides roses and ferns with showers of white ribbons.

Preceding the ceremony Miss Miriam Lewis sang, "O Promise Me" accompanied by her mother, Mrs. Will R. Lewis, who also played Lohengrin's wedding march.

Following the service, a buffet supper was served to the guests. At the bride's table, which was beautifully decorated in pink and white carnations, candles and smilax with a huge cake as the center piece, was seated the bridal party and also Miss Etheldra Collett, of Dayton and Mr. Clifford Slagle, of Cincinnati.

The going away costume of the bride was an ensemble suit consisting of a grey broadcloth coat trimmed in fur over, a dress of blue and black chenille. After an extended wedding trip of several months in Florida, Mr. and Mrs. Sheehan will be at home on the beautiful farm of the late Jason Sheehan, which the bridegroom recently purchased.

The bride is a graduate of the Lebanon high school and the State Normal at Waynesville. For the past year she has taught in the Xenia schools.

The groom is a graduate of Centerville high school and a young man of many sterling qualities and has been associated with his father in farming.

Guests from a distance were Mr. and Mrs. Werkmeister and daughter, Marjorie of Springfield, Mr. and Mrs. William Slagle, Mr. Clifford Slagle and Ruth Slagle, of Cincinnati, Mrs. E. J. Arthur, of Logansport, Ind., Mr. and Mrs. John Collett and daughter, Miss Etheldra, of Cincinnati and Mr. Fred Hunt, of

A Flinch Party.

On Friday evening January 22, Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Dunham played the role of host and ho[illegible] to a delightful little flinch party, at their cheery and commodious home on the Ridge. After pondering over the difficulties of "Flinch" and having strenuous times with "Pit," the participants were treated to a very gratifying luncheon.

Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. John Simpkins, Mr. and Mrs. Emmer Beedle, Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. George Loer, Mrs. James Dunham, Mrs. Mal. Burdsall, Misses Queen and Sarah Totten, Messrs. Clyde Simpkins, Albert Rent, Eugene Couden, Alfred Slagle and Frank Whitacre.

XXX

The Jameson Reunion.

The Jameson reunion, consisting of the sons and daughters of Joseph and Sarah Ann Jameson, deceased, together with their families, to the number of two score, more or less, was held at the hospitable home of Mr. and Mrs. Gibbs White, one and one half miles south of Lebanon, on Thursday last, Dec. 31st, 1903.

Among those present were the three brothers, John, Martin A. and Isaac Newton, (now a resident of Dayton, Ohio), and three of the four surviving sisters namely; Mrs. John E. Dunham, Mrs. T. Gibbs White and Mrs. R. B. Lollar; also James M. Cook, relict of the eldest sister, whose death occurred a few months ago. There were present, also, on this happy occasion, children and grandchildren, all of whom reside in this vicinity, and the day was, to all, an occasion of much interest and pleasure; and the scenes of childhood and maturer youth and manhood were visited again in imagination, and by no means, least among the attractions, was the splendid dinner prepared and enjoyed at high twelve, and the abundance of refreshments supplied, were such as can be had only at a hospitable country home.

A letter, at once expressive of her deep regret because of enforced absence, and also, of exhortation and good cheer, to those assembled, was received and read from the youngest and only absent sister, Mrs. Ella Jameson Arthur, of Logansport, Ind., who had also, contributed floral decorations from her Indiana home, and who in her affectionate missive, had extended an invitation to all present, to meet with her, twelve months hence, and celebrate the next annual reunion. The invitation received, was promptly and joyfuly accepted, and we will all go, "provided no Providence shall prevent."

XXX

A Treasure Chest of Memories

Mildred Sheehan has a lot to remember

• Find a trivia question that can stump Mildred Sheehan, and you've hit on something truly extraordinary. Her secret? A 23-year career as an elementary-school teacher, an inquisitive mind nourished by good books and a keen memory that belies her 96 years.

"Little facts seem to stick in my mind," said the 10 Wilmington Place resident. "I guess I just have a knack for remembering things."

Born in 1902 in Lebanon, Ohio, Mrs. Sheehan clearly recalls her first job as a teacher in a one-room school house near Fort Ancient. There, she taught students age six to 14. She also became the first in the Lebanon School District to serve her students one hot dish a day, a dish she herself cooked on a kerosene stove donated by a parent.

"Those children were so likable and appreciative," she observed. "The older ones were always willing to help out with the younger ones."

After two years of teaching in the one-room school house, she taught for one year in the Xenia City School District. In 1924, she married Walter Sheehan, the brother of her college roommate's husband. She was forced to resign her teaching position, however, because back then, those jobs were reserved for young, unmarried women.

The Sheehans raised two sons, Richard and Warren, on their farm in Waynesville. Mrs. Sheehan went back to work in 1942, teaching Waynesville fourth graders until her retirement in 1965. After nearly 63 years of marriage, Mr. Sheehan died in 1987. Mrs. Sheehan lived independently up to the age of 90, when she suffered a stroke.

She tried to continue living in her home, but found it difficult to find dependable help. With the encouragement of her family, she moved to the Assisted Living community at 10 Wilmington Place. Here she gets the help she needs with the tasks of daily living, such as personal care, meals and cleaning.

She also stays active, participating in the community's daily Friendship Circle, attending musical performances... and of course, playing a powerful game of trivia.

BEERS HISTORY WARREN CO, OH

turned his attention to the farm and mill; he is a member of the Christian Church, with which he has been connected thirteen years.

PETER B. DUNHAM, South Lebanon; of the firm of Kelley & Dunham packers and dryers of sugar corn. Mr. Dunham was born in Turtle Creek Township, Warren County, in 1839; his early life was passed on the farm, and he received a common education in the district schools. He followed the fortunes of the firm until 1879, at which time he became interested in drying corn. In 1879, he became connected with Mr. Kelley, and together they do the largest business in that line in the county. In 1859, he was married to Rebecca, daughter of Harvey Randolph, by whom he has had one child—Ida B. (deceased), aged six years. Mr. D. was a member of Co. A, 169th O. N. G.; enlisted in 1863, served his time, and was honorably discharged.

JOHN E. DUNHAM, farmer; P. O. South Lebanon, was born in Union Township in the year 1841. He is a son of Thomas G. Dunham, a pioneer, who was born in Warren County July 4, 1810; he was a son of Edward and Elizabeth (Gibbs) Dunham, natives of New Jersey, who settled in Warren County in a very early day. Thomas G. Dunham was reared a farmer's boy, and in the early schools of the county he received a common education. In 1835, he was married to Eliza, daughter of John and Nancy Benham, pioneers of Warren County. To them were born five children, viz., Cynthia A., Peter B., John E., James F. and Jennie. Mr. Benham began life a poor boy, and, by his indomitable energy, pluck and perseverance, in which he was seconded by his amiable wife, they together succeeded in accumulating a large property, which at his death was left his wife and children in good circumstances. His death occurred Nov. 18, 1874. His wife was born in Warren Co., Ohio, in 1816. Their youngest son, James F., was born in 1842, and was married to Elvira, daughter of Abner Burdsal, Dec. 29, 1872. John E., the subject of this sketch, is a farmer by occupation, and only received the advantages of a common school education. March 13, 1864, he was married to Letitia, daughter of James Jameson, of Warren County, who has borne him four children, three living, viz.: Burns B., Seldon G. and Raymond; an infant deceased. In 1861, he enlisted in Co. F, 60th O. V. I., for one year; served his time, and was honorably discharged. Was taken prisoner at Harper's Ferry, September, 1862, and was immediately paroled. He was in the engagement at Cross Keys, Va., and numerous smaller engagements. He owns 160 acres of excellent land which is largely in cultivation and well improved. His wife is a native of the county and was born in 1845.

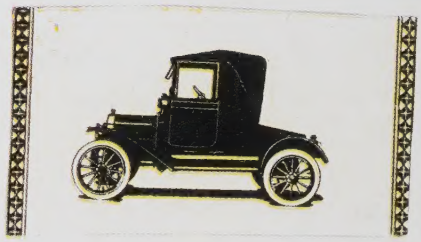
Corn Business

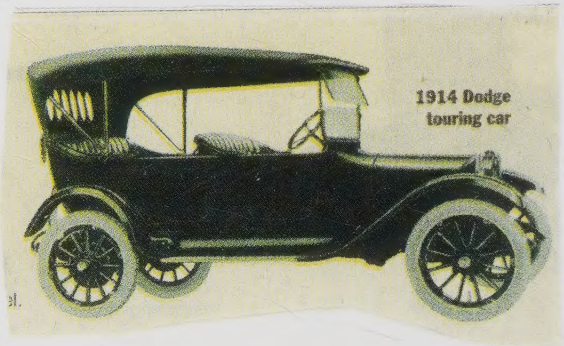
Meanwhile, Hayner had teamed up with Henry Kelly in 1874 in drying sweet corn for the retail market. The drying house was erected on the Hayner farm, east of South Lebanon, where later he was to erect the famous Hayner house. In more recent times it was dismantled and rebuilt in Sharon Woods.

It is believed that this corn drying business was the first of its kind west of the Allegheny Mountains. Peter B. Dunham joined the firm in 1879 and this arrangement continued for some two years, when Hayner sold out his interest.

Later Dunham purchased the entire business. This later evolved into canning corn under the name of "Colonial." Dunham moved his business to Morrow and it became the Morrow Packing Company.

The Horse & Buggy

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